

Is Your Husband a Freemason?"

(See within)

# The Quiver

August  
1921



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# The Picnic



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## THE QUIVER

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## THE QUIVER



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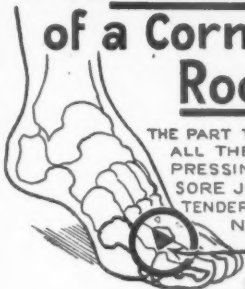
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## THE QUIVER

# The Business End of a Corn is the Root



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ALL THE PAIN BY  
PRESSING ON THE  
SORE JOINT AND  
TENDER SENSITIVE  
NERVES.

THE TOP  
DOESN'T MATTER

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

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Soothing to  
Sensitive Skins  
Ideal after Shaving or  
for Ladies' Complexions

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**THE QUIVER**

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because it

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## THE QUIVER



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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### SHOULD WILD ANIMALS BE KEPT IN CAPTIVITY?

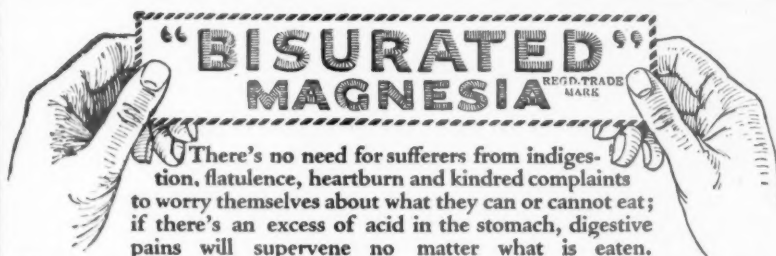
The House of Commons has rejected the Performing Animals Bill, but a Royal Commission has been appointed to consider the subject. A good deal of misconception prevails both as to the cruelty undoubtedly employed in the training of performing animals, and the alleged cruelty of keeping animals in captivity in such places as Regent's Park. Mr. H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S., has written a most interesting and informative article on the subject for my next number.

Another topic of interest is dealt with in an article on "What is Wrong with the Cinema?" and there are some fine stories.

*The Editor*

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(Signed) Thos. Lane.

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## Just before you go to Sleep

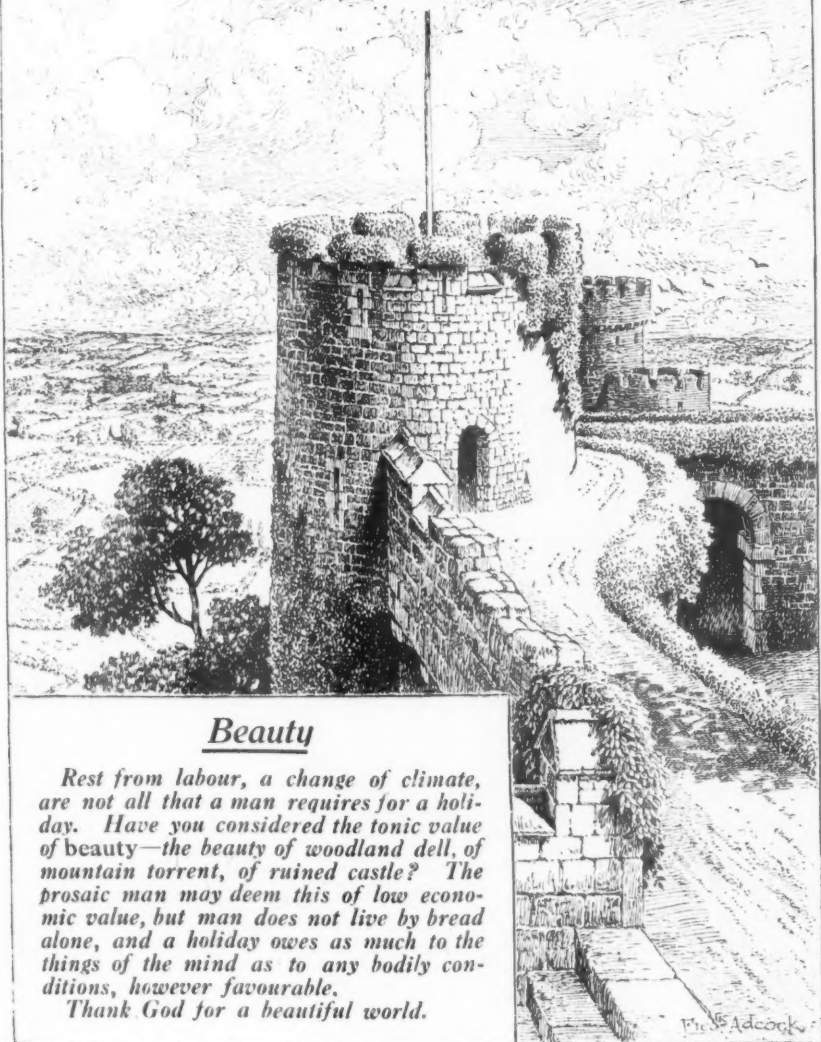
**T**HAT'S the time to get rid of the defects in your complexion. Wash your face in warm water and, while the skin is still damp, smear a little mercolized wax over your face and neck. After a few nights of this treatment, all your wrinkles, all the blemishes on your skin disappear.

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# The QUIVER



## Beauty

*Rest from labour, a change of climate, are not all that a man requires for a holiday. Have you considered the tonic value of beauty—the beauty of woodland dell, of mountain torrent, of ruined castle? The prosaic man may deem this of low economic value, but man does not live by bread alone, and a holiday owes as much to the things of the mind as to any bodily conditions, however favourable.*

*Thank God for a beautiful world.*



**An English Beauty Spot**

Clovelly, with Lundy Island in the distance : the quaintest place in all North Devon

*Photo : Phot. curam Co.*

# Beyond Stepney Station

An East-End Romance

By

G. Appleby Terrill

WAGONS, wagons—going by incessantly with a clatter and a rattle, with loads of yellow new planks, of black, slimy timber, of rusty iron, of bright tangled wire.

The girl looked at them with that eager interest, not quite free from timidity, which she gave to every phase and feature of Commercial Road East, and presently she came to a standstill to watch a certain open wagon. In it sat a group of Asiatic ship's firemen, thin and sickly of face, in threadbare European jackets and black fezes. She gazed after them with a feeling of pity until they were hidden in the traffic. Then she continued her way eastward along the left-hand pavement.

She was a complete stranger in this quarter which had such a reputation for roughness and for the variety of nationalities to be met with in its streets. She could have visited it in one of her father's cars, chauffeur and footman as bodyguard, but a spirit of adventure, which sometimes will arise in those who are not at all brave, had allured her into coming alone. She did not know that in the East End on a sunny spring morning she was little more likely to encounter adventure than if she were in Bond Street or Piccadilly. Oddly enough, she was destined to remain ignorant of this fact.

She was quietly dressed, but her clothes had cost a very great deal. Even the plain hat of dark blue straw which shaded her roundish, pretty face was a wastefully expensive thing—a triumph of simplicity by a renowned Paris *modiste*.

Her slight nervousness did not lessen her enjoyment. Indeed, without it, her solitary excursion would have lost something of its glamour. She kept glancing at the unfamiliar names, so often ending in "sky," which were over the shops, and twice again she stopped—to marvel at placards printed in Yiddish, but, of course, her attention was devoted chiefly to the people she passed on the pavement; the radiant Jewish girls with their hard yet beautiful brown eyes and

their hawklike beauty, such a contrast to her own soft-featured comeliness; the old Jewish men with their grave beards and sombre, introspective mien, some of them wearing the high astrakhan hats of foreign lands; and the purely English men and women, most of them the decent, hard-working type, but a few of the men sinister slouchers, who stared at her piercingly, insolently, so that she was glad many people were around her.

As she went on, the sea element began to increase. She passed three lascars, a couple of flaxen-moustached officers, apparently Scandinavian, and, a moment later, no fewer than six Chinese sailormen, peak-capped and in neat English suits.

Soon after this she noticed a railway bridge spanning the road. She wondered if it had a name. Just before she reached it the designation of a side street made her smile. Belgrave Street! Poor little street, it was not very reminiscent of Belgravia, whence she had come. And then her eyes reverted to the bridge. She saw two words on it, STEPNEY STATION.

They rather startled her. Before setting out she had examined a map of the East End, tracing her route, for the real object of her visit was not to observe it, but to arrive at a particular place. Somehow the name Stepney had escaped her. She had no idea the district lay in her path. Things she had heard and read of Stepney had made it appear to her a terrible neighbourhood—the veritable home of burglars and other desperadoes. And now she was in Stepney!

Her mouth tightened as she went beneath the bridge. She did not know whether she was penetrating more deeply into Stepney or getting out of it. But she knew that she was inclined to be frightened. Imaginative—it seemed to her that the shadow of the bridge cast a shadow on her heart; and when she emerged on the other side the shadow remained. She felt that she had passed a boundary, passed into actual danger. She would not turn back, but she

## THE QUIVER

was too nervous to enjoy herself, here beyond Stepney Station.

So she believed. But almost immediately two incidents cheered her. The first was a bill in a window, announcing that Mr. Cheng-yi Tsang (how delightful!) had lost a Pekinese dog; the second was the sight of a church tower, close at hand, rising whitely against the fresh blue sky.

That was her landmark, she was sure. She hurried forward, going under another bridge, but not thinking of shadows this time, and soon was crossing the road to the gate of the green-lawned space in which the church stood. This space was a cemetery, but it was also a garden for the living, with long seats here and there. Near the gate was the name of the church—S. Anne, Limehouse. She forgot her other interests in the East End, she entirely forgot her fear. In this garden was what she was seeking, the grave of Commodore Henri Charles Lafoy, the hero to whom she was giving a whole chapter of her little book on the Franco-English family of Lafoy, of which she was, in the literary sense, the discoverer. For although during the last three hundred years several of its men had served Britain with distinction, no one apparently had published the scantiest memoir of one of them. Possibly this was more or less the fault of the Lafoys themselves. Rebuilding their personalities with scraps of material patiently unearthed from many sources, she had quickly observed that these men were reticent—secretive, in fact; not at all the sort to encourage would-be biographers. Reticence, however, was but a minor characteristic. The quality which showed vividly in every Lafoy was intrepid bravery. And to no other of them had come such frequent opportunities for displaying this as to Commodore Henri Charles.

She went into the garden. Not many headstones were standing in their places. She could see in the distance numbers of them stacked against a wall, and with sudden apprehension she wondered whether the commodore's were concealed among those. Dismissing the question for the present she began to scrutinize the stones left in position, venturing on to the grass to reach some, with an uneasy expectancy that, although the garden seemed empty, a shout to get off would speed to her.

Returning to the path she walked a short way along it to a stone close to the edge of the grass; and then a sigh of excitement

broke from her, for an inscription, though rendered faint by time, positively sprang into her vision:

“COMMODORE HENRI CHARLES LAFOY,  
OF THE ROYAL NAVY,

WHO DIED THE 26TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1820,  
AGED 78 YEARS.”

There was a further and long inscription underneath, but it was in small lettering and well-nigh effaced. After a quarter of an hour's stooping she had made out only a few words. Disappointed, but hoping the parish records contained a copy, she took a note-book from her jacket pocket to write down what she could. As she stood erect for an instant she caught sight of a tall young man. He was some distance away, yet she could see that he was watching her with considerable interest. A little hastily she commenced to write.

A minute later the tocsin which ushered in the adventure sounded. She had not heard the approach of anyone. The tocsin was a coarse, rheumy voice close to her ear, which sent her scrambling sideways in utter terror.

“Is yer dead bloke put 'ere, myte?” asked the tocsin, and added persuasively, “Don't mind 'im, 'ev er look at me.”

She could not help looking now as, shuddering from head to foot, she shrank backward step by step. She saw a man of perhaps forty-five, fat, nastily fat. His clothes were thin and dirty, but his rosy face was fresh-shaved. It was a moist-eyed, moist-jowled face, quivering—drunk. It grinned. The man pulled off his cap, disclosing that baldness was among his imperfections. He advanced.

“Ere. Come 'ere,” he said sharply.

He was between her and the gate. Commercial Road looked a hundred miles away. She felt that she was going—not to faint, but to die in her awful panic. She did not remember that there was someone else in the garden.

The tall young man stepped by her.

Even in that moment she noted sundry details. His blue suit, like so many suits she had seen that morning, was old and worn, yet it was tidy. He had a peaked sailor's cap. He was clean-shaven, and his profile, rather of the “nut-cracker” kind, was hard, bold, and extremely handsome.

He had sprinted; his voice was a trifle

## BEYOND STEPNEY STATION

breathless. It was a well-bred voice, but, doubtless because they were suitable to the occasion, his words were unpolished. Flicking a finger past the fat man's nose, he said, "Hop along, grandpa."

To be addressed instinctively by the venerable appellation of "grandpa" when one is merely middle-aged and is endeavouring to win the favourable regards of a lady is more than irritating.

Fury illumined "grandpa's" eyes. He snarled.

The young man smiled broadly. The smile had strange qualities. It was good-humoured, yet it was taunting; it was cool, and yet there was a hint of savagery in it.

"Hop along, grandpa," he said again.

His fingers went to "grandpa's" chin, tapped it playfully, and then, still playfully, dealt him a slap on the cheek. The girl was feeling safe now, but she winced at this daring. It seemed more reckless than cuffing a tiger.

"Grandpa" started at the smack. He opened his mouth. He ejaculated one word, and then he was gripped by the face. The young man's thumb sank into one cheek, his fingers into the other. The cheeks became yellow, became white under the pressure. "Grandpa's" mouth protruded grotesquely. He grasped at the hand which held him. He received a vicious shake, and then was obliged to proceed backwards to the gate, outside which he was quietly released.

"Go and fall under a tram," the young man remarked cruelly and cheerfully. That finished "grandpa." Nursing his face, he shambled away.

The intervener returned to the girl. He saw the thanks in her eyes, but before she could speak he spoke, lifting his peaked cap and giving her a smile very different from that dangerous one with which he had favoured their recent companion.

"Talking of grandpas," he said, "will you tell me why you take such interest in my



'The tocsin was a coarse, rheumy voice close to her ear, which sent her scrambling sideways in sudden terror'

great-great-grandfather?" He motioned towards the commodore's stone.

"Your—your—!" She stared at him. He was joking. No—he wasn't. Her eyes widened slowly with immense astonishment. "It can't be!" she said. And then, "Are—you Jérôme Lafoy—the only one of them left?"

He took an envelope from his pocket and held it out for her to read the address: "Mr. Jérôme Lafoy, Second Officer, ss. *Kearsney*, Taranto, Italy."

"And you?" he asked.

"I'm Marion Ird," she told him. "We—we bought your old house in Hampshire—Manor Lefoy."

He nodded.

"I was told some people called Ird had it . . . Sir Jesse Ird—that would be your father?"

"Yes."

"We lost it when I was a kid. It was

## THE QUIVER

mortgaged up to the tree-tops. . . . Hope you like it?"

"Love it," she said quietly, looking away. "But now I feel that I'm an interloper there. Yes, I do!" she exclaimed, when he made a quick dissent. Then her gaze went back to him shyly. "Will you forgive something I'm doing? I'm writing a history of you Lafoys. You see, the Ird's haven't any discoverable history of their own, and, though I'm what you would term a *nouvelle riche*, anything to do with history fascinates me. Certainly your ancestors do. Will—will you mind if I publish the history? I ought to have asked your permission before, but no one knew where you were."

At the mention of the history there were prompt signs of disapproval in his face. Then his expression changed. The girl's enthusiasm and her frankness regarding her family touched him. He looked at her appreciatingly.

"It's very nice of you to trouble about us," he said. "Publish whatever you like. There's only one favour I'd ask. Don't conclude the Standard Work with a reference to Jérôme Lafoy, *not* of the Royal Navy." He glanced at the silvered knees of his trousers. "Jérôme has run to seed," he explained lightly.

"I shall simply say of Jérôme Lafoy that until I met him I didn't really realize what perfect fearlessness was like."

He threw up his head, laughing outright. And then his grey eyes rested on hers in incredulity, in protest. "You couldn't write such rot—on the strength of seeing me turn off that creature; I could have killed it with one finger. . . . Fearlessness!" He laughed again, then very suddenly ceased. "That implies no fear of any sort, doesn't it? Why, I've been living in abominable fear for—for two months past." He stared across the garden, whistling a few soft, dreary notes; and Marion saw that his face had become drawn and his eyes were cloudy.

He offered no explanation. Perhaps it was not to be expected. But she found herself thinking that the Lafoy secrecy, like the Lafoy bravery, survived intact. She debated as to whether his obvious poverty were a clue to this new mood. Already she had determined to broach that subject, and now she set about doing so. It required all her courage.

She took a long breath.

"Mr. Lafoy, isn't it marvellous—the coin-

cidence by which we've met? My people will want to meet you too—to thank you. We're in London at present. You will come and see us?"

He glanced again at his knees.

"When I buy a new rig-out. I'd like to then."

Here was the opening she wanted.

"Are you—haven't you a—berth? Don't think me rude," she added swiftly, appealingly. "I'm trying to be businesslike. My father, you know, he could find you a—"

She faltered and stopped, anxiously watching the effect of her words; and she perceived something very gentle, something tender, in Lafoy's hard visage. He understood just how she felt.

"Rude," he said softly, contemplating her intent blue eyes and the dainty gloss of her fair hair. "No, you're thoroughly kind. You've altered my future splendidly. In two or three weeks, if all's well, I shall ask your father for a shore job. I guess it will pay far better than the sea. But I'm not going to him for a time. To be honest, I'm not thinking of my clothes. I don't want to leave this neighbourhood, even for an hour, yet awhile. It's my own fault that I'm out of a berth. I could get to sea tomorrow. But—oh, I'll tell you some time—not now." He turned partly, and inspected with steady eyes the church tower. He swallowed twice.

Marion, puzzled, sorry for him, was nevertheless occupied chiefly by that last sentence: "Oh, I'll tell you some time—not now." It was the abrupt kind of thing an old friend would have said. It pleased her exceedingly.

Lafoy's eyes returned to her, went to her note-book.

"You were trying to make out the inscription about the commodore. Do you want it for the Standard Work?"

"Yes, that's why I came. But it's impossible to read."

"I've managed it. I often hang about in here. In fact, this is where they come to look for me if a message turns up at my lodging-house when I'm out. . . . It's not the commodore that brings me, it's the fresh air. Can you taste the salt in it? That's from the flood-tide." Then he nodded at a bench. "Let's sit. I know the words by heart. I'll dictate them."

It was five minutes to one when they sat down. It was three o'clock when Lafoy



## BEYOND STEPNEY STATION

exclaimed: "I say, you've had no lunch! I'll see if I can get you some sandwiches."

"No," she said, with her hand on his sleeve. (She doubted what money he had.) "No, I must go home. Mother will think I'm lost. But since you won't run up West to see me, I should like to come here again. The Lafoy information I'm getting from you is simply invaluable. . . . If I motor down to, say to Stepney Station—we don't want the car outside here, with my men wondering what we are talking about—will you meet me at the station bridge? What day?"

"Any day you like," he answered, his pleasure easy to discern. Then something seemed to cross his mind. Looking at Marion keenly, he appeared to weigh a question. Whatever it was, he swiftly abandoned it, with a twitch of his lips that suggested ridicule at himself. "As soon as you wish," he said with his pleasant smile. "What about Wednesday?"

They arranged the hour, and then he saw her on to a tram. From the "top deck" she smiled down at him as he stood on the kerb. She lifted her hand when the tram started, and then, while it droned with her out of the East, the land of magical adventure, she sat leaning forward a trifle, her hands linked, her eyes very wide and glistening.

"You've altered my future splendidly," Jérôme had said. He didn't guess how splendidly, poor hard-up Jérôme, who was good-looking enough to win a princess, yet by a marvel wasn't married. . . . There was genuine trouble of some sort. He boasted he could get to sea, but it looked very much as though he were lying low, practically hiding. Perhaps he had nearly killed a man in a fight. That was why he was careful not really to hit "grandpa"! Yes, there was trouble, but it was the black time before the dawn. For did not she, who was to be given a fortune and Manor Lafoy when she married, mean to marry Jérôme!

### II

THEY sat in S. Anne's garden, on one of those seats which face Commercial Road. The afternoon was sunlit with a hint of breeze. The scent of grass and leaves drifted about them.

Commodore Lafoy was somewhat forgotten. So were all the other Lafoyes save one. He was staring towards Commercial Road,

and Marion's eyes were on him. This was their fifth meeting—in a fortnight. He had welcomed her with swiftly brightening face, with quiet yet marked cordiality, as always. She knew he was not bored now. But he was whistling those mournful notes of his and decidedly out of spirit.

Her eyes travelled from his clean soft collar to his white wristbands. She could tell that he had washed them himself. A smile, sweet, motherly, quivered on her lips. It faded as she contemplated his hands. She glanced at his face. Her attention became riveted on a cheek-bone. She bit her lip in exasperation.

"Jérôme," she said, almost angrily, "you don't eat enough."

"I've had five of those patties you brought with you. Not a bad lunch."

"What are they, for a man! . . . Jérôme —"

"Ay?"

"I'm going to lend you fifty pounds."

He roused himself and turned to her, his face full of comradesly affection.

"No, you're not," he said softly, teasingly.

It was she now who stared towards Commercial Road.

"That settles it," she said in a curious, deliberate way.

For a moment she was silent, then: "I've been worried, miserably worried, about you ever since we first met. I believe you've scarcely a penny. I can't go on being worried like this, and yet I can't make you take money, for I haven't a—a claim on you. . . . There could be a claim, if you wished. I—I'd promise to marry you."

"No," he said quickly. And then she felt his hand clasping one of hers. "You dear little sportsman," he said, his tones very tremulous. "What an offer! Yourself, with all your prettiness and sweetness, money—as much as I could spend, I expect—Savoy and Ritz dinners, Ascot, Lords, Cannes—anywhere; luxury and you for the rest of my days. You dear! But it's *No*." He paused. When he spoke again his voice was changed, husky and low; and Marion, without looking at him, was aware that his head was bent strangely.

"Unless something happens, that I pray every hour won't," he muttered. "If that happened I think I wouldn't care what I did."

She pulled her hand from him and stood up. "What a compliment to me!" she



## THE QUIVER

whispered, and, on fire with indignation, she turned her back as he stood also.

"I'll explain," he said penitently. "I would have told you something before, but I—well, I didn't feel like doing it. I knew I should . . . get queer in the voice . . . half-way through, and I didn't see the need of bothering you with my troubles. I never thought that you might—rather care about me—"

"Of course not!" she breathed sarcastically.

"I didn't—except for an instant on the very first day, and then I laughed at myself for thinking so. Now, Marion, listen—"

"I'm not interested. I'm going to the car. No, I don't want you to come. . . . Good-bye. . . . *No, no, I won't listen!*"

"When I see you again, then."

"Is it likely you will see me again?" she flared, walking away.

### III

**B**UT seven weeks afterwards to the day she left her car by Stepney Station and walked in the familiar direction. She looked on Commercial Road with kindly, though not happy greeting. She would have walked the whole length of it without a tremor now. Jérôme had taken the place of fear.

She hardly expected to find him. Probably he was at sea. On the other hand, he might have been arrested; any ill might easily have occurred to him, he was so poor and despondent when she deserted him.

Despondent! She opened the little silk bag she carried and peeped at the mirror within, hoping that the strong sunlight revealed no traces about her eyes of the self-reproach she had felt throughout the seven weeks. She wanted to appear to Jérôme as merely a careless, amiable friend.

She had gone but a few steps into the garden when her heart gave a surge of relief. She saw him on one of the seats. He was staring at nothing in particular, thinking—thinking somewhat grimly, one could tell. His face was sharper, his clothes were noticeably the worse for the recent weeks' wear.

And then Marion stopped completely.

Jérôme had—a companion! And—and his arm was round his companion—in public!

With cold amazement she surveyed this

*bourgeoise* attitude. Then she would have turned to go, hating Jérôme.

But the girl with him looked up.

The whiteness of her slender face amid her black curls, the simply unnatural size of her eyes—dark pools, these were enough for Marion. She went forward quickly, realizing things quickly.

So it was this little wan star which had held Jérôme to the East End. It was to this that something was so likely to happen that he idled and went hungry, but would not go beyond call. And how nearly something had happened!

"Stir up, Jérôme!" she said in her brightest manner.

He slipped his arm gently from the girl and stood. "Marion, it's great to see you again," he said, taking her hand delightedly. Then he drew her towards the seat. "This is Rosie Zolovinsky. She's been in hospital three months, but now—"

He paused with a long breath of thankfulness, in which, however, there was a waver of misgiving.

Marion transferred her hand from his to the piteously narrow little one which was shyly offered her. Holding it, she sat down by Rosie Zolovinsky. She looked closely at her face, and then her free hand moved along the back of the seat and her arm nestled between Rosie's shoulder-blades and the wood. Rosie smiled into her eyes.

"Rosie"—Marion's voice was soft and gay—"are you going to marry someone I know?"

Rosie's smile deepened. She turned her head, looking up at Jérôme. The charm of the movement was not lost on Marion, but what concerned her more was the slow, weak sinking backward of Rosie's head. Her arm tightened about her.

"Will you tell Jérôme to go away, over by that tree?" she asked. "I want to have a chat just with you, Rosie."

Ten minutes later Marion came across to Jérôme. Her eyes were not devoid of fondness, yet they were luminous with anguish, upbraiding.

She took him by the edge of his coat.

"Jérôme, if she isn't properly taken care of *she will die*."

He looked fixedly at the path.

"Didn't you realize? She wants heaps of nourishment—heaps of other things."

"I was getting afraid," he said, clearing his throat. "She seemed slipping back. But I couldn't raise more than a shilling or



"And then Marion stopped completely.  
Jérôme had—a companion!"

Drawn by  
W. S. Dyer

## THE QUIVER

two, and I'd missed the chances of a job, even if she would have let me go. . . . When she was in hospital, you know, it would have killed her outright if I'd gone to sea." His cheeks twitched. "With just a shilling or two I couldn't buy her much."

"And she hasn't a penny herself, she told me; and not a relative except a step-sister who doesn't trouble about her. . . . Why—why didn't you write me! Pride, or the usual secrecy?" Marion's eyes blazed. "Jérôme, it was atrocious in you, whichever it was. You had only to ask me for a cheque—you must have known that, in— in spite of my being cross that afternoon. . . . I'm crosser now. You had only to ask me, and there was she, with no one in the world but you to look after her, sinking for lack of money. And she's such a child! What's her age—fourteen?"

"Don't be absurd," said Jérôme with a brotherly asperity. "Eighteen and a half."

A smile flickered across Marion's lips at his tone. She released his coat, giving the lapel a little straightening pat, and opened her bag.

"You made a great mistake. You've a sure touch with men, Jérôme, but you're not altogether skilful with women. However"—she took an envelope from the bag and pencilled on it—"however, I can't help thinking you rather noble on the whole, rather more noble than I shall ever tell you. . . . Now," she added with an accent of cheerfulness, "I want you to go to the car—you know where it is. Tell Grange to bring it round here, and tell my other man to find a 'phone and ring up Sir Walter Hogan—this is his number."

"Sir Walter Hogan."

"He's my mother's doctor. He's going to be Rosie's. To ring up Sir Walter and ask if he will kindly call on me as soon as possible." She closed her bag and there was a flash of laughter in her glance. "You'll have to come and see us now, Jérôme, for I shall have your Rosie, and you won't get her back till she's absolutely well. . . .

You'd better explain to the step-lady, then come up this evening."



It was a splendid car, a great limousine. The soft interior was blue-grey, and the deep back seat could hold three people with ease. Marion stepped in quickly after Rosie, who stood hesitating by this seat, and their hats almost touched. The vivid blueness of the slender veins of Rosie's temple had somehow a pathos which saddened her anew. . . . And then she thought that Rosie swayed.

It might have been imagination. But she sat promptly herself, and put her hand invitingly to the other's waist; and a moment afterwards she had the girl on her lap, lying very comfortably in her arms with her hat discarded.

The car began its smooth run—past Stepney Station, past wagon, tram and bus. Marion looked down at Rosie, meeting the smile she expected. A minute later she looked again, to find no smile, but inexplicable fear in Rosie's eyes.

With a shock of apprehension she bent nearer.

"There's nothing the matter?" she asked tenderly.

Rosie spoke in her quaint little foreign way.

"You will notta—you will not steal Shérôme from me?"

"He would not let me steal him," said Marion softly, "and it could make no difference if he would." She held the light body more to her. "My dear, I hope for Heaven. Do you think I could hope any longer, do you think I could ever be happy for an instant, if I struck you such a blow as that!"

She pressed her lips on the dark hair, and then, with Rosie's hand creeping to her neck, she sat leaning forward a trifle, her eyes very wide and glistening, while the car whirled with them out of the East, the land of magical adventure.





# Marriage Unions of the Wild

by  
H. Mortimer Batten

With Illustrations by

Harry Rountree

**I**N the wild, alas! elsewhere in the world, matrimony has many phases.

Among the birds and beasts some wed for life, others, I fear, for a shockingly brief period, and others—perhaps the majority—from courtship till their children are no longer dependent upon them. That is, they meet and marry in the usual way, they share their nursery cares, but when the unity of family interest is torn asunder (a turn in the tides which generally coincides with the dawning of winter, when it is a case of every creature for itself, to stand alone or to die) father and mother are apt to drift apart.

The marriage unions of Wild Nature and all that pivots around them form one of the most interesting subjects which come within the scope of the student of Dame Nature's ways, for in it we find much that reflects the actual characters of the beasts themselves, their standing as concerns the civilized order of things—that is, their mentality—and finally it affords endless illustrations of the loving kindness of the greater and lesser wildernesses wherein all things are ordained on the basis of economy and protection. The best way in which I can illustrate these points is to quote from the pages of Dame Nature herself.

Generally speaking, it is possible to gauge an animal's standard of intelligence by its marriage laws. In all wild life the devotion of motherhood exists, and in certain beasts that have no other trait of character to recommend them, that observe no morals of matrimony or cleanliness—for instance,

the common rat—the mother is as devoted to her young in her own blind and ignorant way as are we ourselves. This goes without saying. The devotion of the mother proves nothing. It is no measure of a creature's intelligent understanding, no proof that it is advancing in intellect. In all cases the advancement is so slow that a thousand years may make no perceptible difference, yet we know that certain beasts *are* on the upward grade, because some observance of the laws of decency and morality is theirs.

The commonest exceptions are those that live in herds and those whose home-land is subjected to such pitiless winters that almost inevitably the married couples are torn asunder by the unrelenting struggle to keep alive.

Here are examples. Wild horses live in herds, as do red deer. In these cases Nature usually adopts the marriage custom of polygamy. The creature which is best able to enforce its will by horn or hoof is, to put it bluntly, the father of the most children—and rightly so. He is the fittest, and so the blood of the fittest is the blood of the race. The weakling goes to the wall. He does not produce his own kind. Only those who have proved themselves the strongest and best play any important part in the founding of the coming generations.

There is, however, the usual fly in the ointment. So long as the race thrives all goes well, but should misfortune befall them, should man step in and destroy the pick of the male race, which so often hap-

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pens in the case of deer, Nature's whole basis in working out the law of the polygamous is thrown out of joint. The tribes dwindle and dwindle, and though when strong they flourished exceedingly, it is found now that they do not possess the powers of recovery by which other races have lived on—it is found that they do not possess the gift of weathering hard times. Why?

It is now that we can point an accusing finger to the marriage customs of the race. They are polygamous, and as a general rule the polygamous cannot hold out against hardship so well as the monogamous. There are several possible explanations, but the foremost is the following. There are no longer the same number of knight errants to do battle for the fair ladies, and here and there a herd falls into the command of an old despot who, though he possesses fierceness and weight of limb, is a long way down on the scale of senile decline. Indeed, the period is past when he is capable of playing a useful part in the increase of his species, and the following spring, when he

is seen with his herd, it may be observed that there are no speckled fawns frisking among their elders. That is, indeed, what happens as the natural sequence of events. The fine young stags are killed ere they obtain wisdom. The old despot is wise, or he would not have attained old age. He evades death and rules the land when, had Nature been left to herself, another and a younger monarch would have succeeded him. For, by the ordinary course of prosperity, the young males in a flourishing community unite and drive out the old despots of the race, who, forced to live alone, are very soon dragged down by their animal foes—for instance, the wolves. Similarly, in the case of these polygamous beasts that dwell in herds, the young males will stand together and present a united front to a common foe, but they will not unite to assist an *old* male of their own race.

The buffalo herds that once roamed the prairies are another case in point, and Mr. E. T. Seton, the well-known American naturalist, has produced a very fine picture illustrating the last stand of an old bull buffalo who, no longer supported by his herd, is shown in the act of repelling the final attack of numerous wolves. But the buffalo were distinct in this respect—the mothers of the race were sacred, and when

an old cow was threatened by danger her children and her grandchildren would gather round her and suffer themselves to be ruthlessly massacred rather than abandon her to her fate. There was a certain type of buffalo robe of great rarity, the hair of which was curly and silken in texture, and much valued by the Indians for the apparel of their great chiefs, and these rare robes were the skins of old cows, each of which had many children and grandchildren, all of

whom were devoted to her and constantly licking her coat. For, though the buffaloes lived, or rather migrated, in great herds, each herd consisted of several small herds, which constituted a family or clan. Each clan had its favourite grandmother, and any member of that clan having nothing else for the moment to do, or feeling in a sentimental mood, used to amuse itself by licking grandmother's coat. Thus we find polygamy one step advanced in the adoration of the only recognizable parent.

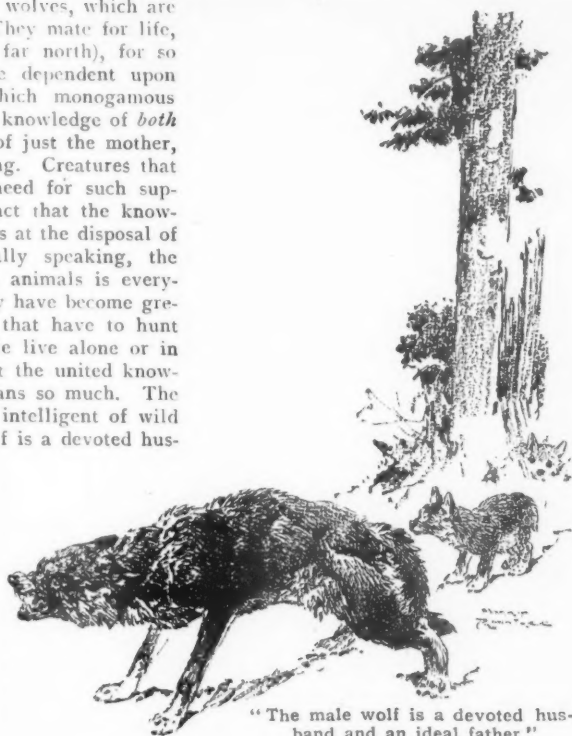


"Driven out and forced to live alone, the old despots of the race are very soon dragged down by their animal foes"

## MARRIAGE UNIONS OF THE WILD

Let us turn now to the wolves, which are monogamous animals. They mate for life, or, at any rate (in the far north), for so long as their young are dependent upon them. One way in which monogamous animals score is that the knowledge of *both* parents, instead of that of just the mother, is handed on to the young. Creatures that live in herds have no need for such support by reason of the fact that the knowledge of the whole herd is at the disposal of the young; but, generally speaking, the food of these gregarious animals is everywhere, which is why they have become gregarious. The creatures that have to hunt for their living as a rule live alone or in pairs, and it is here that the united knowledge of the parents means so much. The wolf is among the most intelligent of wild beasts, and the male wolf is a devoted husband and an ideal father. This fact has enabled the wolf community to keep abreast of the times. They have learnt what poisoned baits and steel traps are. One wolf warns another—father warns mother, mother warns cubs, and cubs in turn, both boys and girls, grow up to know what these perils are, and so to warn *their* children. It is in this way that the monogamous become wise and live on in times of hardship while the polygamous perish. It is in this way that the monogamous have proved to possess greater powers of recovery than those who observe no marriage bonds, and to-day traps and poisons are almost useless as a means of keeping down the wolf population, with the result that the wolves, after a period of terrible hardship, are now on the increase in spite of improved firearms and Government bounties.

But, to discuss creatures nearer home, I have spoken of the old stag driven out of his herd, of the old buffalo making his last stand when his fellows have ceased to support him. We have an exact parallel in a polygamous and gregarious beast which is much nearer, unpleasantly near, our own threshold—the brown rat! An old rat, or one that has become diseased, is driven out by the community to which it belongs, and that is why huge old rats are often found



"The male wolf is a devoted husband and an ideal father"

living solitary lives in river banks far remote from the thronging rat communities—that is why rabbits often become diseased, because some horrible rat outcast has sought sanctuary in their burrows. The rat, needless to say, is shamefully polygamous; if the father visits the nursery at all it is to devour his offspring.

Let us leave this unpleasant creature and seek enlightenment in one which—alas! for it—bears the same name, though the relationship is very remote—the water rat of our river banks and waterside gardens. This little creature has hardly one point in common with the domestic rat. It is monogamous. It mates for life, and if one of a pair be killed it is probable that the other will never pair again, but will live a solitary life in a burrow of its own, like the bank beaver. Water rats are even more clannish than the buffalo. They live in families, and the family on one side of the river may not associate at all with the family on the other side. A rock in mid-



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"Otters mate for life, and both parents play an active part in the training and tending of the young"

stream may be common property, but, generally speaking, when one water vole meets another which is not a member of its own clan, they meet as foes. So closely do they observe these family ties that one rat colony may possess entirely different characteristics from the colony next door to it, clan one being chestnut coloured and the next almost black. Yet observe the contradictory nature of such evidence as we have—the immoral house rat has thrived and multiplied to possess the whole earth, while the moral little water vole is only just able to retain such footing as it has.

Among our wild deer the roe deer is the only one that observes but one love and is faithful to her, and it is overwhelmingly the most abundant of our wild deer. It might suit my purpose to point to its morality as the explanation of this, but I fear it is not so. The roe is not such good eating as the rest, and it possesses not the

fine head. Therein lies the chief secret of its survival. Also it is the most cunning of our wild deer, and its chosen habitat—dense and swampy woodland—is the most sheltered. It may not reasonably be argued that because it is moral it lives, but it may sanely be argued that it lives because it is the most intelligent, and because it is the most intelligent it is the most moral.

Badgers and foxes are the most strictly monogamous of all our wild fur-clad denizens, and both would probably have gone their way had they been nowhere protected. This cannot, however, be used as an argument against monogamy, for both are creatures with few friends and many foes. In their marriage customs may lie such inadequate strength as they have, and but for their morality they might be worse off to-day than conditions find them. I believe that invariably the observance of conservative marriage laws in wild nature pays in the long run—that is, the monogamous finally triumph over the polygamous, partly because they *are* monogamous, partly because they are the most civilized and the most intelligent. Otters, like foxes and badgers, mate for life, and both parents play an active part in the training and tending of the young. Squirrels mate for life, providing neither of them happens to fall in love with another squirrel in the interim. In my own district squirrels are scarce, and a mated couple may be seen living together year after year, but I am afraid this desirable order does not always exist in the giddy whirl of a squirrel metropolis. I have, indeed, seen a squirrel angrily chasing its mate which at the same time was busily engaged in chasing yet another squirrel. Whether it was a case of a wife chivvying a frivolous husband who was chasing a neighbour's wife, or whether it was a case of an outraged husband chasing a frivolous wife who was chasing a neighbour's husband, I had, unfortunately, no way of finding out.

Rabbits and hares mate but for a brief period. The father plays no part in the training of his young—probably never sees them. Mother is all powerful. And here we have an example of a race that never improves. I have said that the days are gone when poisoned baits and steel traps can be counted upon to play any great part in reducing the numbers of the wild wolves. The wolves are monogamous. But rabbits



## MARRIAGE UNIONS OF THE WILD

and hares, which are polygamous, have not advanced a single step in the way of keeping abreast of the times. Each year thousands of them fall to the wire noose in the grass or to the poacher's net set across the open gateway—as their fathers and their grandfathers fell before them, and as their children and their children's children will fall in the days to come. They thrive and multiply not because their morality is anything to write home about, but for the same reason as the house rat thrives and multiplies—because they possess unique powers of reproduction.

Turning now to our wild birds, as has already been intimated by far the majority of them mate only for the spring and summer. Almost without exception, however, birds observe higher marriage codes than animals. It is the custom for the father to share and shoulder family cares with his wife rather than the exception. Among our game birds the mating of the partridge, the red grouse, and the ptarmigan stands out as ideal. I believe that the majority of partridges mate for life. They may draw a little apart during the winter, but spring brings another glorious reunion, another golden honeymoon, when the mated couples may again be seen seated side by side, the male bird offering every little dainty to his wife. The young remain with their parents till the springtime after their birth, and so in this case the ties of family interest remain unsevered from Love Moon to Love Moon.

Pheasants and blackgame are entirely polygamous. As is the case with deer, the lord who is best able to hold his own collects around him the largest gathering of fair admirers, in whom he loses all interest as soon as family cares begin. He is a gay dog and a bombast—and note this, that in the case of polygamous birds the males of the species are always very brightly attired, while the hen birds are so exactly the colour of their native surroundings as to be invisible as they lie crouching before a foe. Why is this?

I think the object of Nature's scheming is fairly clear. It matters not to a polygamous species if the male population sink as low as five per cent.—the species may still prosper. So the male is brightly coloured to attract the eye of a lurking foe, while the female is invisible. The male, therefore, in his bright garments, attracts to himself all the risks of the race, and in a way it

may be argued that in the killing of the male lies the salvation of the females. In many polygamous animals we have the same distinct marking out of the male element. The stag, for instance, carries a conspicuous oak tree on his brow, and no one notices the modest little hinds that share his range.

All polygamous birds and beasts fight savagely for possession of their wives. The great battles of wild deer have been the subject of many stories, and near to my own



"Thousands fall to the wire noose in the grass"

home there is an old secluded lawn where in the spring of the year numbers of male blackgame meet each daybreak. And there, in their velvet array, their red eye markings flaming like points of fire, the male birds fight and fight till the victor of the tournament takes unto himself the bevy of coy young ladies watching without apparent interest from the grass.

Most of our nobler birds of prey mate for life. Among these might be mentioned the eagle, the peregrine falcon, the buzzard, the raven and his tribe. A pair of buzzards lived for years in a crag near my present home, delighting all who saw them by the gliding majesty of their flight. One winter the hen bird was shot, and for two

## THE QUIVER

long years her bereaved mate lived in solitude, hunting the range they had hunted together. Early the following spring, however, he vanished for a period, and it was feared he was gone for good, till one day he reappeared with a new mate, and together they set to work to repair the eyrie in the ancestral crag. They are still united.

Two peregrines one winter played awful havoc among the grouse on a moor in which

creatures something that we respect in our fellow men, and which very often we imagine, until we are enlightened, to be peculiar to our own race. I have tried to show on a previous occasion in these pages that for everything in the world of men and women there exists an exact counterpart in the gentle citizens of the wild. We see so little of them, we know so little of their ways, that at the best the bulk of our know-

ledge amounts nearly to so much surmise, so much deduction; but of this we may be sure, that parental devotion shines forth in the woods and in the fields with a loving gentleness that few would credit. Our observations are particularly handicapped for this reason. A wild creature kept in captivity is the only kind of wild creature whose ways we can study from A to Z, and it is no more just to judge a species from the habits of specimens kept in confinement

than it would be to attempt to arrive at an understanding of mankind from the conduct of some poor wretch imprisoned in a cell. For some reason the morals of wild animals go to pieces entirely under the conditions of captivity. The most ideal mother in a wild state will turn and destroy her young if man interferes; a wild father will carry poison to his mate if he finds her man's prisoner. We have only to look at our own domestic dogs to see the results of man's interference. A wild dog loves once and loves for life, but a domestic dog is much more promiscuous with his affections. Occasionally we find the true morals of the race among the hardy sheep dogs of our hills, living their remote and sombre little lives far removed from their kind—indeed, I have known a sheep dog mother to hide her puppies in a secret place, whither her mate, the partner of her daily toils and affections, carried food for her daily, just as do the little russet wild dogs which we seldom see, save when they lie in peril of their lives before the hounds.



"A sheep dog mother will hide her puppies in a secret place"

I was at that time interested, but early in the spring the keeper, unable to endure it longer, shot down the hen bird. For many weeks after the tercel haunted the place, restless as a wraith of the wind, till in the end he, poor little creature, fell to a pole trap set for less noble quarry!

It is very refreshing to find in the wild

# The Greater Need

A Story of Friendship  
By  
Michael Kent

ACCORDING to Bede you will find that St. Eadhelm sent seven young men to Theodore as deacons for ordination, directing that one of them should stay ever in Bishopstone to hand on the light of learning.

The saint's disciple started St. Eadhelm's school, wherefore boys who wear the Bishopstone crozier on their caps are prone to an easy tolerance of such new-come foundations as Queen Elizabeth's at Harrow or Bishop William's at Winchester, a pleasant loyalty in days when people are too broad-minded to find virtue in the clay from which they are moulded. If that applies in general it applies most particularly to Rushmead. You will find the name thrice upon the records in Old Hall. The first Rushmead carried off the Abbott Scholarship to Oxford about the time when young America was deflagrating over the Stamp Act. He came back as schoolmaster, and his tablet is in the cathedral nave, guarded by pneumatic angels, "Vir Doctissimus ac summo integritate." The second Rushmead, having no lore of books, sleeps beside the Lion Pyramid overlooking Holly Hedge Farm on the way to Brussels, "Vir" doubtless if not "Doctissimus." "Summo integritate" is, as it were, the name of Rushmead. The third Rushmead returned to the old allegiance, Abbott Scholar and a country parish. The fourth was educated at home. The fifth came back to the school. He was Abbott Scholar too, a mighty cricketer who played for his county. He became a minor canon of St. Eadhelm's, and later returned to his father's rectory. So we come to Jack.

Jack was destined for the Abbott Scholarship from the moment of the doctor's announcement. "A fine boy, sir! I congratulate you." But then there was the intervention of Sir Philip Sidney and a wooden leg.

Sir Philip lay in a turn of the future like the hammer man who waits to tap the wheels of passing trains and test good metal. The wooden leg belonged to Tom Bunce.

Jack came to St. Eadhelm's under his father's wing, an heir to his own. He could

still read on an elm in New Court the "J. M. R.," bloated by time to shapeless magnitude, for which his father had paid dearly a generation before. Tom stumped cheerily by the side of an apple-faced woman, who retained the old-fashioned habit of curtsying to the clergy. The two boys sat together on the stark hospitality of a form.

Dale had a word for each. It was the doctor's way to plant an ambition in every new boy. You cannot be among old St. Eadhelm's boys long without hearing, "The very first day I was at school old Dale told me—" As the tendril is stroked so is the twig bent, and King Solomon will tell you what follows.

The old man came to the first form room very magnificent, a demi-god to the neophytes. From a list in his hand he read the names of the newcomers: "Bunce, Thomas Curtis—Curtis, that's Huguenot." His eyes dropped in keen scrutiny. "Some of your people were French, Tom Bunce." Glancing at the timber toe, he ruffled the boy's black hair. "You'll have to jump with your head, my son."

"Please, sir, you can't jump with your head," objected Tom.

The doctor nodded. "Yes," he said, "you can jump to the top of the school. Carfax, Ernest Edward, brother of Whippet Carfax?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's the best three-quarters and the worst mathematician the school ever had. Are you going to beat your big brother at both, Double E.?"

He went down the list, leaving each small boy proud that the school had already assigned his predestined job. Rushmead he took to the door and showed him the records board. "We must have another Rushmead there."

It gave these quaint little people the thought that though here was a great school with noble giants in the sixth, and masters who were archangelical, and a demi-god for head, yet even they were of more value than many sparrows. But all the while



" 'Can't I do a bit towards lifting the Sixes Cup?' "

Engraved by  
A. C. Rickard

Sir Philip in the shadows awaited Jack Rushmead and the appointed hour.

Tom grew up a dreamy chap. His wooden leg, cutting him off from more active life, stumped him into a world of books. While the average schoolboy is reading "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" Tom had gobbled Kingsley and Reade and Dickens. It opened a new world to this exile from green grass.

He suffered another disability, for he was a day boy, having no share in dining-hall or house concerts. Chapel he had, but

chapel and lessons do not make the life of a school like St. Eadhelm's, which is a temple not made with hands, but composed of the pious souls of men. Yet he was happy if he might perch on the crupper, wooden leg and all, and ride forth behind Sir Lancelot of the Lake in perilous career. He would probably have fed on dreams till he grew inbred and neurotic were it not for Jack Rushmead. Contrariwise, Jack would never have known him except for Billy the Walrus.

"The Walrus" is only the name which runs in the company of his very good friends and well-willers of St. Eadhelm's. In Crockford he is "The Rev. W. S. Harty, sometime senior wrangler, headmaster of St. Eadhelm's Junior School." He was a tall Irishman built for heavy cavalry and cast into the Church, where he fought a great battle for the eternal decencies. An over-

hanging red moustache and the affectionate respect of many boys provided the secondary title.

Billy the Walrus came into form one morning with a bad toothache and the temper of a brigadier. "The locus of a point —" he began.

Some genius in the form, fixing a couple of nibs in his desk and breaking their points off, had produced an imitation of a musical-box. It had four notes, but the musician paid for poverty of tone by energy in execution.

## THE GREATER NEED

"Stop that row!" roared the Walrus, and returned to his point.

"The locus of a point fixed— Carstairs, is that you?"

"No, sir." Carstairs looked pained.

The Walrus regarded eighteen pairs of eyes coruscating innocence. "My sons," he said, "you're a bit above yourselves. Feeling bucked, I suppose, because you are in the 'finals' of the hockey sixes. You would not like an extra 'prep.' on Tuesday afternoon, would you?"

The form was aghast. It did not know of Billy's toothache, but it did know that Billy was not prone to reiterate warnings. The fourth form had a bad reputation. It generally has. Without more words the Walrus returned to the matter in hand.

"ABC is a wheel moving along a line DE, and X is a point on its edge."

"Ting tong," chimed in the obbligate agreeably.

Putting down his chalk, Billy faced the form with a sad, satirical smile. "Unhappily, my sweet youths," he said, "you leave me no choice. You know what you would think of me if I backed out after I had promised you that extra 'prep.' I'm sorry the form loses its chance of the Sixes Cup because it can't turn out, but that is not my affair. Open your books at page nineteen. We will resume this lesson at two-thirty on Tuesday."

Deep silence followed the shuffle of opening books, and the Walrus turned to some correcting without another glance at the class. He guessed there would be considerable fermentation, and he left it to work. What he did not know was that form four was in a cleft stick, because the only way out was the open confession of the delinquent, Jack Rushmead, the hope of the hockey six. If Jack owned up he could not play, and the game was as good as lost. Another thing the Walrus could not know was that the last fatal "ting" was an accident. The matter would be thrashed out at "break," and Jack would certainly do the right thing, but the outlook was black!

There the form reckoned without Tom Bunce. Tom, his head full of noble knights spurring, cap-à-pie, on high emprise, be-thought himself of a couple of nibs in his pocket. Half a minute later he had taken his resolve. The Walrus, electrified by his impudent prelude, "Ting, ting, tong!" looked up sharply. Tom's text book was a vertical screen. All the others lay flat.

"Bunce," said the Walrus, "did you make that noise?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, feeling not at all like a knight of old.

"See me in 'break' then," barked the Walrus.

The boy had a word with the form after the bell rang. "Look here, Bunce," said Jack, "I'm going to explain to Billy."

"You'll get sent down for Tuesday afternoon," said Tom. "No one can take your place at centre. Can't I do a bit towards lifting the Sixes Cup?"

Thus Tom went forth into the passage perilous on the quest of the Silver Grail.

Billy the Walrus was entirely at a loss, for Bunce's sins had never been those of commission. But Tom was the confessed culprit, and Billy did not dream of asking whether he was responsible for the whole incident. He regarded it as an envious attempt to rob more popular fellows of the glory of victory.

The fourth brought back the Sixes Cup, and Jack scored two goals thereto.

Yet the boy who won it swotted Latin in extra "prep." all the afternoon.

And Sir Philip waited in a bend of the path.

Thus began the Rushmead-Bunce Alliance, for Jack was not slow to acknowledge that the one-legged boy had been a sport. Before that time Jack walked on the heights, facile at work and play, heir to a tradition confident and supercilious. But he had not been too proud to let Tom take his stripes. Thereafter he would get special leave at times and go out to Summerhill with Tom Bunce to tea.

He learnt much. The apple-faced woman was Tom Bunce's father's nurse, and the boy only knew his mother by the spoken word, which does not compensate for enveloping arms and the clothes tucked in at bedtime. In a hazy way Bunce imparted that his father was a miner in Mexico. Jack, full of Bret Harte, imagined a beard, a red shirt, and a derringer. He scented a certain precariousness of income. Certainly nurse was an excellent mender and made Master Tom's clothes go a long way. Jack began to feel very sorry for Tom.

Both profited by the friendship. The wooden leg led Jack into many Western isles which bards in fealty to Apollo hold, while Tom entered a society formerly denied him. He grew expert in matters of sport where he might only stand and watch.

## THE QUIVER

He was scorer for the second eleven that year, and Captain Jack relied on his advice.

Yet it came as a great surprise to Rushmead a year later to hear his friend's ambition, the Abbott Schol. Jack had come to look on it as his own property. He listened to Tom's explanation. It would please his father. His father was awfully keen on him getting on because he couldn't do much in sports, you see. He wrote him such jolly letters. Perhaps he was coming home this year, and Tom wanted something to present him with.

"My father was Abbott Scholar," said Jack. "His name's in hall, you know; and my great-grandfather too."

"Oh!" said Tom. "I didn't know. Are you having a shot at it?"

Jack nodded.

"I wonder if Dunfield is," said Tom. "I reckon I'll get pipped in maths."

"You never know," said Jack sombrely.

Tom laughed. "It'll be a fight, Jack, eh?"

"You bet your life it will," said Rushmead almost bitterly. "I'm all out for it myself."

They were both. Allardyce, the sixth form master, had never known two such gluttons for work. Jack had grown a little distant. He could not get away from the notion that this threadbare day boy, to whom he had been kind, was poaching. The Abbott Scholarship was his by right. Anyhow, he would jolly well see that he got it. He could not go home to his father and say he had failed. The fight was hard and clean until the unexpected appearance of Sir Philip. He sneaked in with the literature paper on the second day. Classics and science had left them level. Tom would be up on English and history, but Jack's maths. would more than balance that. There was little doubt that the latest Rushmead would fulfil his destiny.

Then Jack turned to the last question on the literature paper.

"Write an essay of not more than four pages on one of the following subjects:

- (a) The development of flying.
- (b) The importance of sport in school life.
- (c) The Elizabethan drama.
- (d) Cecil Rhodes.
- (e) Sir Philip Sidney."

Jack met Sir Philip as an old friend and plunged.

He wrote steadily for half an hour, grow-

ing, as his ideas were set down, more fiery in his zeal, with a greater, less easily defined glamour in his subject.

Except for the master presiding no one else was in the room. They were the only two candidates, and this being the last subject they had gone straight on from the maths. paper, which Allardyce had left to be collected at the end of the morning. So that inside the fold of blotting each boy had his answers to the maths.

Jack felt very happy about Sir Philip. He saw in him the exemplar of all his ideals, and he wrote with zeal till he brought his hero to his climacteric at Zutphen.

"It seems like a special example of the proverb that the end crowns the work, for Sir Philip's life ends in an incident in which all his virtues are evidenced in their highest degree. As he lay suffering the agonies of appalling thirst, which are common to wounded warriors, he begged for water, and after some time a cupful was brought to him, having been procured at great risk." At this point he paused, and his eye caught a glint of light reflected from the floor. He looked down. It was a patch on Tom Bunce's boot. A query flitted suddenly into his mind as to whether Tom had to buy a pair every time his boot wore out. It struck him as a pity, buying two and only using one. Somehow the fact that the patched boot was very brightly polished seemed sad. Then he went on. "But when the water was brought he saw near by a common soldier in a similar unfortunate condition to himself." "Common soldier" somehow reminded him of Tom Bunce. It seemed to connote threadbareness, and a standing in the ranks, where he himself was free of the crowd, a leader. "So Sir Philip, with compassion, directed that the cup should be given to him. 'Thy need is greater than mine,' he said."

With the vehemence of his writing Tom Bunce's wooden leg kept tapping the iron standard of his desk.

"So Sir Philip was lovely and pleasant in his life, as David said of Jonathan, and he deserves the respect of following generations."

At this point Jack saw more than his pen could convey. He saw Sir Philip, elegant, unfearing, very pitiful to all poor folk, master of himself and pattern to his time, in all the passes shrinking flesh may dare. Perhaps, too, behind he saw pity as the one attribute of divinity. He changed





"He took out a cheque book. 'Money doesn't  
pay for making men, sir'"—p. 883

Drawn by  
A. C. Michael

## THE QUIVER

the full stop after "generations" into a comma and added, "and their imitation."

Tom was gathering up his papers. Jack could see him, thin, pale, and eager. He saw more, for he was looking with the eyes of a knight of olden days. The boy's hard life, the struggle for respectability, witnessed by darned elbows and lengthened sleeves. The significance of the wooden stump flooded his mind. What did that mean to a chap who should be as he himself was, "nimble and light of limb"?

Below it all was the suspicion that the red-shirted miner must have pinched to send his boy to St. Eadhelm's, and that the Abbott Schol. was Tom's only chance of Oxford.

"Time," called Allardyce. "Bring your papers up."

Yet Jack took his pen and, sitting down quickly like the unfaithful steward, changed another stop into a comma and added, "keeping in mind the greater need of others."

### II

**T**WO days later Allardyce brought the results to Dale. "The Abbott papers, sir."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Bunce, nine seven five; Rushmead, nine four three." His eyebrows went up. "Unexpected, Allardyce?"

The sixth form master gathered up the tail of his gown and twisted it into a rope, a habit of his. "Entirely unexpected," he agreed. "Bunce got fifty-five per cent. more on maths. I put in a problem to try them out. Bunce got it right. Rushmead did not even attempt it." Allardyce felt it as a personal grievance. "As a matter of fact, sir, I got the papers marked twice by different men to confirm the marking."

"Then you think these results don't represent their relative merits?" The doctor sat down at his desk and pulled the papers towards him. "What's your idea?"

"I looked on Rushmead as a certainty," said the assistant. "It is unaccountable."

"Leave the papers with me," said the doctor. "We don't announce results till Wednesday next. I'll have a look at them."

He did. He spent an hour over those papers and then sent Parson Rushmead a letter that brought him to Bishopstone the next day. Half an hour later Jack was sent to the study and found his father there.

"Why," said he, "you didn't say you were coming, guv'nor?"

His father shook hands. "I didn't know till this morning," he replied. "Doctor Dale wanted to see me."

"Yes," said the doctor at his desk, and dived into business. "I want to know what you did with the last sheet of your maths. paper, Rushmead?"

The boy went red. "Mr. Allardyce has the papers, sir. He collected them."

"He only has what you gave him," said Dale curtly.

"Yes, sir. We gave them up to him." Hedging was a difficult thing with Doctor Dale. Plain lying was the only policy, because he always believed you. That is why no one ever tried it.

"I have the papers here," said the doctor, "all that were given up." He sorted the sheets. "Here is Bunce's answer to maths. question eight," he said. "You did not present an answer to question eight, but here"—he selected one of the pink sheets of blotting paper—"here one can read quite plainly with a mirror the correct answer and most of the working of that problem in your handwriting on your blotter. Where is the sheet?"

"I tore it up," muttered Jack.

"Why?" asked Dale, and the boy's father repeated the question.

"Oh!" cried Jack, driven into a corner, "if you knew the poor beggar, guv'nor, you'd see. He's a jolly fine chap, a sport, and he—he did me a ripping good turn once. But his people haven't much money, dad. His mother is dead, and he has a wooden leg, and shabby clothes, and—"

Dale was still turning over the papers. "And," he interrupted, "and Sir Philip Sidney deserves the respect of following generations and their imitation, keeping in mind the greater need of others."

"Well," cried Jack, shamed into shamelessness, "why not?"

"Well played, Jack!" said his father.

But the matter did not end there. Rushmead did not wish to see his son grow into a prig, conscious of a halo cocked at the angle fashionable for Pharisees. "You see, Jack," he explained, "with a bit of a pinch I might carry on and send you to Oxford, but the gift to your one-legged friend would come from me, going without a holiday, or from your sister, having a year less—"

"That's all right, dad," said Jack. "I haven't asked you to."

## THE GREATER NEED

Dale laughed. "I don't think this son of yours, Rushmead, has any use for vicarious charity." It was a diplomatist's word. The clergyman was pleased that Dale should credit the purity of the boy's motive. He had no afterthought that Jack had sold his birthright unworthily. He went home elate.

But the boy had to face the consequences. His education was to end suddenly in a fortnight instead of enduring for three years. He was at a loose end.

Then came Old Man Bunce out of the West. He did not wear a red shirt. He wore a shabby grey sports coat, sagging at the pockets, but whether that was with the weight of a derringer or not there was no means of knowing. He was a very tall, loose-limbed fellow, quiet, and slow of speech. Tom brought him in proudly from Summerhill and introduced him to Jack in the midday break.

"Rushmead," he said thoughtfully, "I've heard heaps about you. The last time I was home I saw your father score a century against Surrey."

Jack flushed. "Did you, sir? He was a very fine bat."

"That's so, sonny. Are you going to follow him?"

"No," said Jack absently, "I think I shall be a farmer."

His chum laughed. "Jack will win the Abbott Schol.," he said. "I had a shot at it, but he'll win and go to Oxford."

The tall man frowned at the sun. Here was something not quite open. He was used to reading the hearts of men and knew that Jack had spoken from a certainty. He wondered why the boy had mistaken the obvious reference to sport in his remark. "Well," he said, "I must see the headmaster. Bring this young man back to tea if you may, Tom."

Within a minute he was in the headmaster's study.

"Mr. Bunce?" Doctor Dale had never seen the man before.

"Yes, sir. I arrived in England from Mexico last night, and I want to thank you for shouldering my burden. You've made a man of Tom. I'm sorry nurse's notion of her duty to me led her to the practice of such economies. The boy should have gone into

one of your houses, but I judged that life was none too easy for the old woman and it might help her. Between you you have made a fine fellow of my boy."

The doctor smiled. "He's a good chap," he said, "but your thanks must go to the school, not to me. He made decent friends."

"So," returned the miner curtly. "What's to be done with him now?"

Dale frowned. After all, the verdict had to be published some time. "I may as well tell you," he said slowly, "your son is the — possessor of the Abbott Scholarship."

Twice that question had come up with a hint of something secret.

"My son is the winner of the Abbott Scholarship?"

"He holds it," said Dale. "The name is announced to-morrow."

"Ah!" said his visitor, "what is this jerryandering about the Abbott Scholarship, Doctor Dale?"

"A very strange question," said the doctor.

"Bunkum!" returned Bunce. "I saw young Rushmead outside. I'll swear he knew he'd lost it. You say 'possessor,' 'holder,' anything but winner. I know those lads are straight. Shall I ask them myself?"

Then the doctor, recognizing an equal, explained.

"Gee!" said Old Man Bunce. "That boy's worth having for a pal." His brows drew close. "What's it worth, sir?"

"A hundred and twenty a year for three years," said the doctor.

"H'm!" returned the miner. "Fives into one twenty, twenty four, say twenty-five hundred. If the fund were increased by that amount you could bracket the two and establish a double scholarship. Mexican gold has flourished in the last year or so." He took out a cheque book. "Money doesn't pay for making men, sir."

So there are two leaving "schols." at St. Eadhelm's, and Jack Rushmead is the chief engineer of the Bunce mining properties.

And the ghost of Sir Philip still haunts the by-ways, ready to strike sparks out of true metal. Good luck to your hunting, Kind Shade!



# Are Secret Societies Harmful?

*A Plea for the Better Understanding of Freemasons, Buffaloes, and other Orders*

*By Our Special Commissioner*

**W**ITHOUT straining the imagination to an intolerable degree one may assume that were two dozen men to be marooned upon a desert island half of them would, before long, form themselves into some type of society, organization, club or order in an attempt to obtain all the blessings of good-fellowship and conviviality.

Both by temperament and inclination man is a gregarious, sociable animal. In earth's earliest ages the palæolithic ancestor probably left his wife to mind both the cave and the babies whilst he went a-hunting—almost certainly with other men. It is this pack habit, this congregating for the common good and the security of the individual, that is as strong as ever to-day, showing itself obviously in the form of secret and friendly societies which are gaining a constant accession of power and numerical strength.

## **The Most Widespread Society in the World**

Eliminating the secret societies of which the Boxers are a type and with which China is stated to be riddled and undermined, the best-known and most widespread organization in the whole world is Freemasonry. It is computed that, spread over the face of the universe, there are nearly four million members of this order.

Of Buffaloes it is estimated that there are at least three quarters of a million. As for Odd Fellows, Foresters, Shepherds, Druids, and the other well-known orders, the numbers of their members must be legion. With most of them archaic phrases, customs, and courtesies are kept in the full vigour of life that would otherwise generations ago have passed into the shadows.

What is the good of Freemasonry? What benefit accrues to the trusty Buffalo? Is the fellow who strides behind a big banner on Whit Monday or at a Sunday parade or "walk" the better for being a Forester?

Or the man who studies the rites and doctrines of the Druids a more useful citizen?

Answers to these problems can only be expressed in the meed of human happiness that membership of any secret society can carry in its train. No one is permitted to become a Freemason for any material benefits he may derive from the order. His gain is in theory purely temperamental and moral. If he falls by the wayside he may be uplifted financially, but he is not expected to become a candidate on that account.

## **The Secret of Success**

As a matter of fact, it is the pack, herd, or clan habit that is rooted so deeply in the natures of most of us that makes for the fundamental success of all secret orders, as clearly penned off from mere friendly societies. Among girls and boys the tendency flourishes like a green bay tree. In a popular magazine for children the pages abound in "clubs"—nature clubs, science clubs, and so on. One weekly journal has a brigade with a membership of hundreds of thousands whose ostensible motive is merely kindness to animals. As for women, they too have their own societies, to some of which they owe partially the enfranchisement of their sex.

So far as the secret orders in vogue to-day are concerned, Freemasonry is probably not only the oldest, but it also stands in the light of a fostering parent to some at least of the others. Many of the guilds of tradesmen that flourished in this country long ago were fashioned on Masonic lines.

## **Origin Uncertain**

No one can say with any degree of certainty when or where Freemasonry began. Symbolically, it is associated with King Solomon's Temple. The famous round towers of Ireland are by some experts attributed to its agency. Certain of the Scots

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lodges claim to have had an existence extending over at least five hundred years. A few of the early kings ayont the Tweed are referred to as having been brethren of the order. An Edinburgh lodge is said to possess written rccords of its work in the sixteenth century.

Undoubtedly Freemasonry is of amazing antiquity, and the mere knowledge that it has stood the stern test of untold time is alone proof of its strength and firm foundation. Had it been demoralizing to the Church or intriguing towards the State, its structure could hardly have withstood the buffeting of stormy centuries.

### Royal Members of the Craft

Coming down to more recent times, we have to-day in H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of the Craft in England. The late King Edward's association with Masonry will not soon be forgotten. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and at least one of his royal brothers belong to the order and are active members of a London lodge.

Now of what, broadly, does Freemasonry consist? In this country the Grand Lodge of England is supreme, and has been so for more than a hundred years. All laws of Masonry emanate from Grand Lodge. District and Provincial Grand Lodges follow and act as connecting links betwixt private lodges and the ruling body. Under the Grand Lodge of England, which is supported to some extent by dues from its sub-

servient units, there are more than 3,000 minor lodges, some of them in our overseas dominions.

By the British rules of the craft the discussion of any matter of politics or religion in lodge is definitely forbidden. On the Continent, however, Masonry takes to itself a totally altered aspect from the fact that, to a greater or lesser degree, it does in some countries cast an influence over Church and State. For the autumn of this present year an International Congress of Freemasons of all the nations is proposed; but the Committee of Grand Lodge of England is not recommending that the invitation to Switzerland be accepted, mainly because of these distinctions of opinion and outlook.

### The Inner Workings of a Lodge

What exactly transpires in the hallowed

precincts of a Masonic lodge? Primarily, the "business" of a lodge is to initiate accepted candidates with all the beautiful ceremony and ritual that has come down unblemished through the ages, and in which the Great Architect of the Universe is invoked as the Supreme Deity. Though year after year passes, no Mason ever wearies of the mystic rites of initiation.

Once a year a new Worshipful Master is installed with all pomp and circumstance. At every meeting minutes are read and the proceedings conducted on businesslike lines. An organ adds to the solemnities. Meanwhile the brethren are learning more of Masonic mysteries.



The Most Worshipful the Grand Master,  
H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught

(Photo: W. & D. Downey)

## THE QUIVER

And afterwards? In the majority of lodges there follows a banquet, dinner, or supper, attended with old-time courtesy and dignity. It is the refreshment that follows labour, the time for good-fellowship and friendly feeling, for laughter and song.

What harm, therefore, can there be in the proceedings of a secret society that is conducted on these lines? Remember that most lodges meet but four times in a year. Is there anything that the most analytical, capacious wife could object to in a husband who devoted one in every ninety-one evenings to Masonry?

### World-wide Philanthropy

But, turning from the ritual of the craft and the purely social side of being a Mason the philanthropy of the order is a watchword throughout the entire world. Primarily, there are three great Masonic institutions in England—one for girls, one for boys, and one for aged Freemasons and the widows of Freemasons—and it is the desire of most Masons on entering the craft to become a life governor of one or other of these charities. Much more than a quarter of a million sterling was subscribed at the last annual festivals for these institutions.

In addition, there is a Freemasons' hospital and nursing home at Chelsea, whilst the Masonic Million Memorial Fund, to perpetuate the memory of craftsmen who fell in the Great War, is making steady progress. Local funds are in being everywhere, and no Masonic widow in distressed circumstances need look far for practical help.

And now it is stated on good authority that Freemasonry is actually spreading among women, despite the knowledge that Grand Lodge sets its face sternly against the innovation. In fact, a regular craftsman who attends a meeting of one of these unorthodox lodges runs the risk of expulsion from the order.

How many lodges restricted to women that have been formed is not known, and it is hardly conceivable that the promoters have been able to obtain the mystic secrets so zealously guarded. In any event, if they have obtained the ancient and traditional hidden mysteries, how long will they be able to keep them to themselves? According to Bulwer Lytton, "oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties."

### The Order of Buffaloes

Turning now to the Royal Antediluvian

Order of Buffaloes, we have what may be called without offence to either party a sort of poor man's Masonry. It costs as many shillings to become a Buffalo initiate as it does pounds to enter the craft. The subscription to a Masonic lodge is probably not less than four guineas a year, and may well be much more. The Buff member pays a humble 3d. at each of the weekly lodge meetings. Masons forgather at a temple in a proper Masonic building, or in their lodge room at an hotel, adjourning afterwards to a banqueting chamber. Buffaloes, for the most part, meet in the club room of a public-house, though in recent years a few lodges have been consecrated in parish rooms and similar places.

The history of Buffaloinism is lost in the mists of antiquity. Its association with the period prior to the Flood is probably allegorical, for a patient investigation can only trace it back in this country for a little over a century. There are experts, however, who are so bold as to associate the order with a sect of ancient Egyptians who worshipped the sacred bull. As a matter of fact, it would be impossible to prove that Buffalo Knights stood beside King John when he appended his signature to Magna Charta, as is illustrated pictorially on the certificate given to new members.

Broadly, the whole object of Buffaloinism is philanthropy and conviviality. The motto of the order is: "No man is wise at all times."

### Initiation of Candidates

An evening in a Buffalo lodge is made up of business sandwiched between pleasure and harmony. The "business" consists of the initiation of candidates who have been well recommended, and who are made brothers of the order with a great deal of ceremony and impressive incident in which clay pipes adorned with the buffalo horns (to be bought in most tobacco shops) figure emblematically. Here also minutes are read and the financial side conducted beyond reproach.

On certain occasions officers of Grand Lodge will attend for the purpose of raising brothers to the second degree, when they are known as "Primos." The third degree is that of "Knight," and the recipient of the honour becomes "Sir John So-and-So," or whatever his name may be, in the lodge. Knights of Merit wear an apron of skin surrounded by scarlet, bearing in the centre



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the head of a buffalo and on the flap the letters "K.O.M." They also wear a scarlet collar to which is attached a gold medal or "jewel" of rank.

A Knight may be still further distinguished by the letters "R.O.H." (Roll of Honour) as a supplement to the third degree, and jewels are granted for services rendered to the lodge by all brothers—attendance jewels, propaganda jewels, etc.

Though it has been frequently stated that His Majesty the King is a Buffalo it has not been possible to obtain confirmation of the fact. The late Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, belonged to the order, and actually laid the foundation stone of the Buffalo Orphanage in Staffordshire. The Bishop of London was initiated in a lodge at Chelsea, and many members of Parliament are Buffs.

### No Class Distinction

At the same time, whatever they may be in their own outside circle, all brethren are on the same level on the floor of a Buffalo lodge. It is an institution that breathes of democracy. At the other end of the social scale it takes men who can hardly read or write, and makes them masters of its mediæval ritual. A man without the ability to read and write could not enter Freemasonry at all.

Grand Lodges in the Order of Buffaloes work under different banners. The Surrey Banner is reputed to be the Mother Grand Lodge of the whole world. Under the Banner of the Grand Lodge of England there are at least 5,000 lodges.

A Buffalo walking the country in search of work obtains from his mother lodge a travelling card. Wherever he may be, this card will gain him admittance to a lodge

where he may expect sufficient money or refreshment to be found for him to carry him to the next place. On the death of a brother of the order a levy is made on the whole of the members under the particular banner. In the Middlesex division a widow might expect without the slightest question or delay at least £25 to assist her in the meeting of expenses through her husband's death.

The Ancient Order of Druids carry out rites that they claim to be those of the original Druids, who were the priests of the Celtic races from which most of us spring. Allied in method to other friendly societies, the Druids have something akin to Masonry in their ritual. The order has been in existence in this country for more than a hundred and fifty years.

So far as Odd Fellows go, they have an enormous membership, and their 18,000 branches are scattered far and wide throughout the Empire. They meet mostly in the club rooms of public-houses, with secret passwords and a ritual all their own. Above the chair is the effigy of the All-seeing Eye. The Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows is a society that does immeasurable good, and it also boasts a juvenile branch.

The coming of State education, national health insurance, and the universal provision of industrial life policies to be obtained by weekly payments has done a good deal actually to lessen the work of the old friendly society. Even the sweeping forward of trade unionism snapped up some of the duties of the older organizations.

At the same time, the Order of Foresters is probably as virile as ever. The procession of Foresters in the "club walk" on Whit Monday in many country places has probably been seen by most of our readers. At



A "Buffalo"

Photo: Charlesworth

A Knight of Merit of the Order of Buffaloes wearing the chain regalia of his lodge, and the scarlet ribbon, badge and apron of his rank

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one time, emblematic of the work of the society, certain lodges were wont to sit a widow and children on a car, surmounted by the green boughs of trees. It is probable that many of the customs of the Ancient Order have been handed down from the days of the verderers, the vert, and the venison; and this particular friendly society is even to this day organized in courts, each coming under the central headquarters. The Foresters' Arms, with the horn of the hunter, the stag's head, arrows, and similar emblems, are characteristic. Though some of the oldest customs have been relinquished there is still an orthodox ritual of ceremony and password in the order.

### **Are Such Societies Harmful?**

Sufficient has been written, however, to show the extent and the ramifications of the secret societies of to-day. Are they harmful? Are they damaging to the home, to religion, to public morals, to the social scheme of things in general?

It would be a very narrow-minded person, either woman or man, who could trace out the hand of evil in Freemasonry, Buffaloes, Odd Fellowship, or Forestry. In each of these orders *philanthropy* is the guiding spirit, and the dictionary meaning of this particular word is: *The love of mankind.*

Let us look at the matter in the light of religion. Every single one of these organizations accepts a candidate with the idea of making him a brother. The mantle of good-fellowship is cast over the whole proceedings. The point of view is taken that man was sent into the world not for himself alone, but to be of service and benefit to others. By taking him and making him one of a brotherhood for the common good the order is only carrying out the tenets of the New Testament.

### **Clergymen in the Ranks**

In the ranks of every secret order and of every friendly society there are clergymen. It is a poor lodge indeed without a chaplain. So far as the parson is concerned, he knows that if a man comes to church or chapel imbued with a true love of his fellows he is

very far along the right road. It is for that reason that rectors and vicars are proud to preach to their "brothers," whilst they themselves wear in the pulpit the insignia of their order.

It is, after all, only in the normal order of things that all these secret societies should hold their lodge meetings on licensed premises, with very few exceptions. The hotel or public-house is the only place where there is a suitable room that can be regularly hired at a nominal cost. The mere fact that the lodge meets in such circumstances does not mean drunkenness. Buffaloes and Foresters, Odd Fellows and Druids *may* get intoxicated, but not in greater proportion to any other body of men. As a matter of fact, esprit de corps actually enforces temperance, and there are thousands of members of secret societies who are staunch teetotallers.

### **The Spirit of Good-Fellowship**

As for the home, that thought takes us back again to the stone age, when men went off in packs to hunt. It is not within the scope of human nature that a man should sit in his parlour or by his own fireside or dig and delve in his own garden night after night and every night in the year. The gregarious animal loves his wife dearly, revere his children, and dotes upon his home. In his mind, however, there was placed by his Creator the pack spirit, the wish to form one of a herd. Let him mix occasionally with his fellow men away from the cares of bench or desk or hearth, and he will benefit them and receive benefit. The good-fellowship of man for man is one of the greatest assets a nation could have. It is something that trade unionism in its palmiest days forgot to foster as it built up its structure of hatred and suspicion of class for class.

In the social scheme of things we are bidden to love one another. That is the be-all and end-all of every secret society in this country to-day. Philanthropy and conviviality. The wise man who chose these two watchwords for the Buffaloes has found the answer to the question: "Are Secret Societies Harmful?"



# The Test

A Canadian Story

By  
Lilian D. Milner

DOCTOR STRONG stood in the doorway of his one-roomed shack, looking over the ominously smooth river to the hills beyond, where black clouds were being driven by the rising wind across an angry-looking sky.

"It's a good thing I didn't go to Long Portage for the mail," he mused, as he closed the door and put a big stick of maple into the box-stove. "I don't think being caught in a heavy rain would hurt these lungs of mine much, but I'd better not run any unnecessary risks when Dr. Stewart may be up any day now to examine them and tell me if I can get back to work."

His forehead puckered in a worried frown. There was more than merely a desire to know if he was well enough to resume his practice behind Eric Strong's eagerness to see the specialist in tuberculosis who had sent him up into the woods of Northern Ontario in order that he might overcome a pulmonary weakness.

The young man had been engaged to Dr. Stewart's daughter Helen. He was still engaged to her, in fact, for, though he had insisted upon releasing the girl from her promise to marry him, Helen Stewart had refused to be freed.

"We'll 'wait and see,'" she said, smiling bravely up at him, though her voice was a little unsteady. "If you get better—*when* you get better," she corrected herself hastily, "you'll need someone to take care of you, to watch that you don't overdo." She raised her dark blue eyes, filled with a love that was for the moment mostly maternal, to his solemn brown ones as she added, "I'm going to be that someone."

She had pleaded to be allowed to marry Eric before he went away, so that she might go to Long Portage with him, but Dr. Stewart would not consent to this. She had then declared, lifting her dimpled chin stubbornly, glorying in her shamelessness because of the greatness of her love, that she would marry him as soon as he was well enough to return.

Her father had patted her smooth dark hair comfortingly and repeated the phrase, "We'll 'wait and see.'" He had promised to come up to the shack for a week's hunting in the fall, and Eric had received a letter from him in the last mail saying that he might be able to get away any day now.

The young doctor was thinking of the letter, and the coming examination, as he sat half-dozing in front of the box-stove. He was rejoicing that the approaching storm was not causing him any discomfort in breathing, for when he had first come up to Long Portage his weak lungs had been very sensitive to changes in the atmosphere.

The sound of hurrying footsteps interrupted his musings, and before he could open the door a sandy-haired boy, about thirteen years old, burst into the room.

"Why, Donald!" the doctor exclaimed, recognizing him as the son of a trapper named Martin who lived on the opposite side of the river, "what's the matter, lad? Wolverines after you?"

Donald shook his head. "We found a man," he gasped breathlessly, "and his arm's shot nearly off. He was sort o' doubled up in a canoe, drifting along close to where Elk Creek empties into the Grande." He mopped his damp, freckled face with a dirty handkerchief. "I thought he was dead at first, but dad said he was just unconscious. He's pretty near dead, though. He's bled an awful lot! Yer'll come, doctor?" He lifted his hazel eyes, wild with fear, to the doctor's grave brown ones. "Maybe dad'll get blamed fer it if yer don't."

He clasped and unclasped his thin brown hands nervously. "Dad said he'd likely shot himself. How'd a man shoot hisself in his right arm though?"

"That's easy," the doctor explained. "He might have been reaching back for his gun to get a shot at something. If it was cocked, you know, and he struck the hammer against anything the gun would explode in his hand."

"Yer think that's what's happened?"

## THE QUIVER

Donald asked eagerly. He looked relieved as the doctor nodded, then said again, "Yer'll come with me? Maybe he'll die if yer don't."

Eric Strong hesitated. He had been listening to the thunder which was getting nearer, and he was standing at the door now, watching the ribbon lightning as it pierced the black clouds. Presently those clouds would empty themselves in a drenching rain. The storm was almost sure to break before they reached the other side of the river, and he would have to paddle against the current for about two miles in the face of a stiffening wind.

He was afraid of the possible ill-effects of a thorough wetting, but he feared still more the probable set-back which would follow the strain of paddling. He was remembering what Dr. Stewart had said in his last letter about the dangers of over-exertion. "I cannot impress upon you too strongly the need for carefully hoarding your strength," the specialist had said. "Overstepping the border-line between beneficial exercise and over-fatigue is sure to be followed by grave consequences." Should he take the risk?

"Won't yer come with me?" The boy was puzzled and hurt by the doctor's seeming reluctance.

Eric Strong shuddered, but not from cold. His decision to go might cost him dearly. It might mean death. It would probably mean losing Helen. If Dr. Stewart had to report unfavourably on the condition of his lungs as a result of the set-back, it was hardly to be expected that even her faithfulness would stand the additional strain on her love and patience. The man might be dead by now. He was perhaps risking his own life in a futile effort to save a man who was past help.

"Ain't yer going to come, doctor?" Again the beseeching voice broke in on his thoughts, and he nodded his head and picked up the case he had kept ready packed for such an emergency. He was surprised to feel a glow of happiness in his heart as he followed the boy down the shingle beach. Eric Strong was learning that the agony of renunciation is not unmixed with joy.

The first great drops of rain were falling as they got into the canoe, and a few minutes later the storm broke in all its fury. The rain fell, not in drops but in great sheets, and in a few minutes they were both soaked to the skin. The wind was against

them, beating them back with terrific fury. They could not tell if they were making headway, but they kept paddling steadily on.

The doctor was crying out silently, "God! God! God!" It was a prayer that his sacrifice might not be in vain, that they would make a safe landing in time for him to give aid to the injured man. His own fear was lost temporarily in the other man's need.

It seemed as though they had been paddling for hours when a great flash of sheet lightning showed them that they were about twenty yards from Martin's wharf, and they turned towards the shore. A few minutes later they were scrambling up the shingle beach to where a dim ray of light beamed forth from the open door of the trapper's shack.

John Martin, hearing them coming, came out to meet them with a lantern in his hand. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a deeply graven, tanned face and grizzled sandy hair. His anxious-looking hazel eyes brightened as he gripped the doctor's soft white hand in his gnarled brown one. "I knew yer'd come, doctor," he said, a note of relief in his deep voice. "He's still living, but that's about all," he added, as he carried the lantern over to the shelf-bunk on which the injured man was lying.

Eric Strong changed colour, and he caught his breath in a startled gasp as he looked at the unconscious man's livid face. "It's Doctor Stewart!" he explained to the trapper. "He's a friend of mine and was on his way to visit me."

His eyes lighted up with approval as he saw that John Martin, who was evidently acquainted with the rudiments of first aid, had used part of a suspender as a tourniquet, tying it above the elbow joint; but his face was very grave, and he shook his head as he finished his examination of the shattered, mutilated arm.

"It's what we doctors call a compound comminuted fracture," he explained, as he walked across to the wood-box and selected two pieces of thin, flat wood, which he tied together to form a right-angle. "Both bones of the forearm are broken into several pieces. The arm will have to be amputated." He was padding the angular splint with bandages as he talked. "We must take him into the nearest hospital as soon as he can possibly travel."

He dressed the wounds with an antiseptic



"He caught his breath in a startled gasp as he looked at the unconscious man's livid face"

lotion and, the trapper flexing the limb under his direction, applied the splint to the inner side of the arm and secured it with narrow bandages.

All this time the injured man had shown no sign of returning consciousness. Eric was grateful for this, as he had been able to do his work without causing needless suffering to his patient. He was dreading the moment when Dr. Stewart would realize what had happened. His heart ached as he thought of what the loss of his right arm would mean to the specialist, for Dr. Stewart had saved many lives and limbs by operating on those who were afflicted with other forms than the pulmonary one of tuberculosis.

He changed into some of the trapper's clothes, which were much too big for him, and hung his own soaking garments near the stove to dry. John and Donald Martin sought their bunks, but he sat up with his friend, occasionally dozing for a moment because of his weariness and the closeness of the atmosphere.

Waking with a start after a short sleep, he fancied that the colour was gradually returning into Dr. Stewart's face, and after a few moments of deep sighing the specialist opened his eyes and, evidently bewildered by his strange surroundings, tried to sit up. The movement drew his attention to his bandaged arm, and Eric could tell by the change of expression in his blue eyes that he was remembering what had happened.

He smiled wanly up at Eric, as the young doctor bent over him. "How did I get here, Strong?" he asked in a weak voice. "I remember reaching back my hand for my gun—I wanted to get a shot at some ducks—and then it went off. I guess I must have fainted. Who found me?"

"John Martin, the trapper who owns this shack, and his son," Eric answered. "The boy came over for me," he added, forestalling a query as to how he had reached the shack. "You'd better not talk any more now, doctor. You lost a lot of blood, you know. I'm going to make you some beef

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tea from extract, and then I want you to try and go to sleep. You'll feel better to-morrow."

It was not until the next morning that Dr. Stewart learned from Donald just what kind of a trip they had made the night before, and for a long time after his talk with the boy he lay silent, evidently thinking.

The young doctor guessed what was in the older man's mind when, upon taking the thermometer from Dr. Stewart's mouth in the afternoon, the specialist said, "I want you to take your own temperature, Strong. I want you to keep taking it at intervals during the next twenty-four hours and let me have a record." He said nothing more, but Eric guessed rightly that Dr. Stewart was fearing what he himself feared—the symptoms of new mischief in the lungs.

There was no rise in his temperature, however, and after a good night's rest he awakened the following morning, feeling none the worse for his adventure. Dr. Stewart had passed a fairly good night, and Eric knew that the moment was drawing near when he must tell the specialist of the condition of his arm and inform him of the advisability of his early removal to the nearest hospital for the amputation.

He was wondering how he would broach the subject when Dr. Stewart himself did so. Congratulating Eric on his normal temperature, he said, "I suppose you'll be wanting to get back to the city as soon as you can. I'm sorry I'm keeping you here." He looked down at his bandaged arm. The fact that Eric had not touched the bandages to change the dressings had told him something of his condition. "It's bad, Strong, isn't it?" he asked in a low, tense voice.

His blue eyes sought the young man's brown ones eagerly, begging that his suspicions might not be confirmed.

"It's pretty bad," he said awkwardly, "but perhaps"—he choked—"perhaps they'll be able to—"

He broke off again, and Dr. Stewart nodded his head understandingly. "Don't try to raise false hopes, Eric," he said. "I know—it's a compound comminuted fracture, isn't it?—both bones. I thought so," he added as the young man nodded. "It isn't going to make much difference really." His voice broke, despite his effort at self-control, then he went on bravely: "They are making wonderful false arms now that

can do almost anything except"—again his voice broke—"except operate." He flung his free arm over his convulsed face.

"I'd have given—" Eric could not go on.

"Your own arm?" Dr. Stewart said chokingly. "I know that, lad. It's a big price to pay for a moment's carelessness. That's what it amounts to."

His tone changed and a note of hopefulness crept into his voice as he continued: "There's one thing you can do to make it easier for me. Take up your practice again gradually, as we had already planned you should do when you were fit, but make surgical tuberculosis your life's work. I have some new theories I wanted to try out, but I'll pass them on to you and watch the results. Later on you can go to Europe and see what they are doing there, in my stead. Can't you see what I'm asking you?" he asked brokenly, as the young man would have raised a protest. "I want you to let me live the rest of my life through you—I want you to be my right hand!"

"Do you think"—Eric's dry lips could hardly ask the question—"do you think it's safe?"

"Safe?" the specialist repeated, evidently puzzled. "Oh, you mean your own fight. I think we can take it for granted that is over, lad." He patted the young man's shoulder reassuringly. "Any incipient tubercular case who can paddle two miles upstream in the face of such a storm as you came through the other night without a rise of temperature or any other unfavourable symptom afterwards need not fear a relapse if he takes reasonable care of himself. I wouldn't have made the suggestion if I hadn't felt it was safe, Strong."

"And Helen?"

Dr. Stewart smiled. "I'm going to get you to write a letter to her for me as soon as it is convenient." He smiled again as Eric went off to the cupboard and returned at once with a writing pad. "I want you to tell her from me that you stood the test. She'll think that means my stethoscope told a satisfactory story. I'll explain properly when I see her."

His free hand sought the young man's fingers and gripped them tightly, and Eric knew that behind the silent grip there was gratitude, not less deep because unspoken, that he had responded to the call for help. That—he drew a deep breath of thankfulness at the thought—had been the real test.



# Miss Maude Royden and Her Work

*A Personal Tribute*  
*By*  
*Albert Dawson*

THE instant success of Miss A. Maude Royden when she preached her first sermon in the City Temple, and the continuous growth of her power since, constitute a notable chapter, not without romantic elements, in modern religious history.

She was not the first woman preacher in England, and there have long been numerous women ministers in the United States, but she was the first British pulpiter of her sex to acquire within a year or two an international reputation. It is her indubitable fitness for the spiritual office and her richly endowed personality that have drawn to her multitudes of people of both sexes and all kinds, made her ministrations abundantly fruitful, and carried her fame far and wide. She did not choose the Christian ministry as a vocation, the ministry chose her; she was literally "called" to the pulpit, she did not seek it. It came about in this wise.

When the Rev. R. J. Campbell, at the end of the first year of the Great War, resigned his position as minister of the City Temple, subsequently entering the Church of England, the officers of the "Cathedral of Nonconformity" were in somewhat of a quandary. After an interval a successor was found in an American, Dr. J. Fort Newton, but it

had been his habit to preach only once on Sundays, and when he accepted the invitation it was on the understanding that he was not as a rule to conduct two services on one day. The then honorary secretary of the City Temple,\* whose business it was to keep the pulpit supplied, has stated that, before Dr. Newton assumed the pastorate, there floated into his head one day the suggestion, "Ask Miss Royden," and that he cannot recall an occasion when a silent prompting seemed to come so definitely from outside himself.

Up to that time, although she had assisted a clergyman in his parochial work, Miss Royden had done no formal preaching. In response to the City Temple invitation she conducted both services there on Sunday, March 18th, 1917, and again on Sunday, May 20th following, with such effectiveness that she was invited by the church to preach regularly at one of the Sunday services. Whilst realizing that the

invitation "meant something tremendous," she sent a long letter explaining why she, a Churchwoman, could not see her way to accept it; but she was urged to reconsider the matter, and in September, 1917, she became regular "pulpit assistant" at what is known to be the leading Nonconformist Church in England.



Miss Maude Royden

Photo by  
Reginald Haines

\* The writer of this article.

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### A Move in the Right Direction

Miss Royden never regarded the appointment as other than temporary, although she prolonged her stay at the City Temple at the urgent request of the church. At the beginning of 1920 she decided to give effect to a growing desire to speak from an independent platform where she would be more likely to gain the ear of the growing number of persons, especially young people, who are estranged from organized religion and say they have no use for churches, and be in a favourable position for developing the sense of fellowship among people of all denominations and all classes. In March of last year, in conjunction with the Rev. Percy Dearmer, D.D., she started

After a time the Bishop, while personally friendly, intimated that he could not place a church at the disposal of the Guild. Inquiries were made in other quarters, with the result that an arrangement was come to with the authorities of Eccleston Square Congregational Church (near Victoria Station) for the Guild services to be transferred there in June. This fine building has been rechristened Eccleston Guildhouse; it is now the headquarters of the Fellowship Guild, and will be increasingly the centre of active work throughout the week. Dr. Dearmer takes the Sunday afternoon meeting, Miss Royden preaching in the evening. Under the direction of Mr. Martin Shaw much attention is given to the music; to develop congregational singing a practice is held half an hour before the evening service. Numerous

agencies are being started, particular thought being given to the children.

The Fellowship branch of the League of Nations Union, the League of Arts, and other beneficent organizations will have their home at the Guildhouse. All the activities will be conducted on an undenominational, or rather interdenominational, basis; Anglicans and Nonconformists will be equally welcome, and they will be free to retain any denominational affiliations they may have. "I earnestly hope," Miss Royden remarked, "that to

the Guildhouse will come serious-minded people who I consider are real Christians, though they might repudiate the name, and that we shall find in work and worship a common basis, and co-operate in building the City of Friends, which is the City of God."

From the first day that Miss Royden



Eccleston Guildhouse:  
Headquarters of the Fellowship Guild

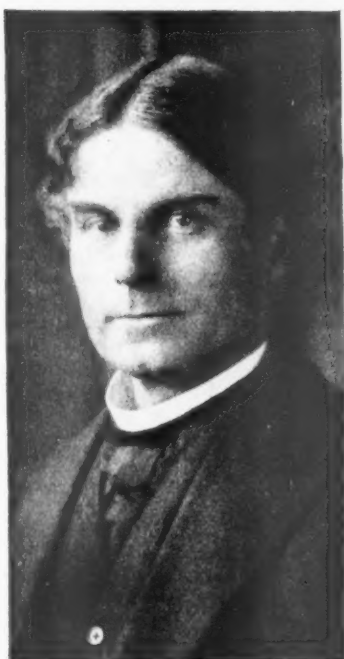
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Photograph

services in Kensington Town Hall, and shortly afterwards the congregation was banded together under the name of the Fellowship Guild. The hall proving too small to accommodate the people, and a meeting-place on weekdays being badly needed, application was made to the Bishop of London for the use of a church.

## MISS MAUDE ROYDEN AND HER WORK

entered the City Temple pulpit she proved herself fully equal to all the demands of such a position. She could not have acquitted herself better had she undergone long preparation for exercising a public ministry. As a matter of fact, she had undergone such preparation, although unconsciously. She brought to her great task a well-stored mind, a disciplined intellect, definite convictions on fundamentals, arrived at after much study and thought, natural gifts of utterance developed by platform speaking (for the suffrage movement and other progressive causes), and, above all, without which no public teacher can gain the attention and confidence of the multitude, a yearning sympathy with her fellow creatures, especially women upon whom life presses hardly, a tender compassion for souls and an eager desire to offer them salvation by taking to them the good tidings of great joy—derived from an unprejudiced study of the Bible and other literature, from her own spiritual communings, from her experience of life and her intercourse with all sorts and conditions of people—which had transformed her own life, bringing it out of the shadow into the sunshine. She has the abandon, the absence of self-consciousness, the good humour, the optimism, the clear perception of aim, the utter indifference to what either the Church or the world may think and say of her views and methods that characterize, in the proportion in which they influence their hearers, all who exercise the prophetic function and help to shape the religious thought and social life of their time.

Every effect has an adequate cause: every human being is the product, if not the sum, of his progenitors. But it is difficult, sometimes impossible, to account for outstanding personalities, to trace their genius to its springs. Sometimes the simplest explana-



The Rev.  
Percy Dearmer, D.D.

Photo:  
Russell

With whom Miss Royden works at the Guildhouse

tion is that of a divine influx. Or it may be, in some instances, that the germ of the human ego is transmitted from generation to generation before it fructifies. One of Miss Royden's ancestors is believed to have been Matthew Royden, an Elizabethan poet. She has a good deal of Welsh blood in her veins. From Flint her paternal ancestors crossed to Cheshire. Her mother's people are Liverpool folk, but their name, Dowdall, is Irish. The Celtic strain may account for her religious fervour, her deep emotional feeling, her poetic imagination.

### Her Early Life

Miss Royden's father lived on the Liverpool side of the Mersey, at Holmfield, Mossley Hill, and here, in 1876, she was born, and here she spent the first sixteen years of her life. After

the death of her grandfather, her father, Sir Thomas Royden, Bart., went to reside at the ancestral home, Frankby Hall, near Birkenhead, where the family lived until his death in 1917, at the age of 86. His son and successor, of the same name, is M.P. for one of the Bootle divisions, deputy-chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, and unmarried. Two or three years ago the King made him a Companion of Honour. The order is limited to fifty members, men and women who "have rendered conspicuous services of national importance." Miss Royden has another brother and five sisters; three are unmarried, one is an O.B.E. Lady Royden continues to reside at Frankby Hall.

The future preacher's education was begun by private governesses and continued at an old-fashioned school kept by four maiden ladies, who made stooping girls wear backboards, and if their toes turned in put their feet into stocks. After three years at Liverpool High School she went to Cheltenham Ladies' College, to whose principal, Miss

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Beale, she acknowledges a debt of gratitude. From Cheltenham, where she spent three years, Miss Royden went to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She delighted in the life of the university, but would have been happier had not the hall been so distinctively a Church institution. She read modern history, her tutor being the present master of Balliol, Mr. A. L. Smith, and obtained second-class honours. Had she taken the intermediate examination, which women at Oxford at that time were advised not to take, she would be entitled to receive her degree now that the privilege is no longer confined to men.

### **A Worker in a Women's Settlement**

On completing her university course Miss Royden became a worker at the Victoria Women's Settlement, Liverpool, living there during the week and going home for the week-ends. Here she did what she is always in danger of doing, overtaxed her strength, and at the end of two years she had to take a rest. She went to stay with the Rev. G. W. Hudson Shaw and Mrs. Shaw in the village of Luffenham, Rutland, and helped in the parochial work. Mr. Shaw being away a good deal during the week lecturing, and Mrs. Shaw being far from strong, Miss Royden was kept busy attending to parish affairs. She never thought of attempting any preaching, but sometimes she spoke at village meetings and classes. After a time she became a University Extension Lecturer, her subject being English literature, particularly Shakespeare. The three years Miss Royden spent with the Shaws were undoubtedly a time of preparation and expansion. Her interests at that time were mainly literary; she has always been an omnivorous reader. It was Lecky's "History of European Morals" that started her thinking on sex questions, until she gradually became an active feminist. She read the Life of Josephine E. Butler and the writings of Miss Ellice Hopkins. She says that to her Mrs. Butler, with her wonderful combination of statesmanship, humanity, and idealism, is the most satisfying example of womanhood in recent times. Being unable to cope with her increasing lecture engagements from remote Luffenham, Miss Royden reluctantly parted from Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and returned to Oxford, where she, Miss Gunter (now her secretary), and Miss K. Courtney kept house together.

Miss Royden's interest in woman suf-

frage steadily grew; she joined the National Union of Women Suffrage Societies, and in connexion with it did a good deal of public speaking. For a time she edited the society's weekly organ, the *Common Cause*. I asked Miss Royden what she considered, now that women have the vote, should be their next step. "I think they should organize," she replied, "for two or three definite matters that superficially are not distinctively feminist, but which I believe go to the root of their position in the State. I should like to see the feminist movement take up at least two great national and international questions—the reduction of infant mortality, with all that it implies, and the League of Nations, which means the organization of the world for peace. Women, whatever rights they acquire, will inevitably always be at a discount in a world governed by force. That is the fundamental fact. We are trying to make Belgium, for instance, safe in a world armed to the teeth. In such a world a little country, whatever guarantees are given to it, is never safe. So long as physical force is the determining factor in the world those who have not got it will always be at a disadvantage. There can be no real equality between men and women until another arbiter is found. Hence I think women should work for the substitution of moral for physical force."

### **Her Teaching Essentially Practical**

Miss Royden's ministry and propaganda are essentially practical. All her teaching and endeavour has a definite objective. Her aim is to help people to live useful, happy lives; not to live unto themselves, but to realize their social responsibilities. She says that individual holiness is too often made the cloak of social selfishness. Her own sympathies are so keen, her sensitiveness so acute, that she feels the woe of the world like a personal sorrow, and it might overwhelm her but for her strong sense of humour, her natural buoyancy and mirthful spirit. She wants everybody to have a fair chance and as full and rich a life as possible. She inspires great personal devotion, so that people cheerfully walk miles to her services, wait patiently in queues, and then if necessary stand for an hour or two or sit on the floor. A member of the Labour party, she believes it will give a lead to the world, "because it has at once strength and statesmanship." On different

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occasions she has appealed for collections for the unemployed, for the Save the Children Fund, for hospitality for Austrian children, and for the miners' children. She publicly prayed "not only for the sufferers by the failure of Farrow's Bank, but also for those responsible for the failure."

### Those with whom she has Worked

Miss Royden makes full recognition of the help given to her by men with whom she has worked. She says that Mr. Hudson Shaw (Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate), Dr. Fort Newton, and Dr. Percy Dearmer have all shown the greatest generosity to her as colleagues and collaborators.

In his first speech in the Guildhouse Dr. Dearmer paid high tribute to his colleague. "Our experience has shown," he said, "how easy and advantageous it is for a man and a woman to work together. After all, as in private life so in public affairs, it is natural for men and women to co-operate; they are complementary. It would have been very difficult for two men holding such decided opinions as we do to pull together without friction. When a man and woman work together there is naturally more give and take, more chivalry, more courtesy." Speaking of the characteristics of his fellow-worker, Dr. Dearmer said: "In addition to having an extraordinarily good brain, full of knowledge, but very clear and logical, she has unusual quickness in grasping a question or situation. She is not only one of the best half-dozen orators in England, but her intellectual courage and candour increase her power."

"One of the difficulties of religious work at the present time is that people feel the clergy are keeping something back, but everybody knows that Miss Royden says exactly what she thinks, believes, and feels, right down to the bottom, nothing extenuating. Personally, I should not mind how many things she said with which I did not agree, because I should know that she was making an honest attempt to arrive at and state the truth, and that is the important thing."

Dr. Dearmer also remarked that the spirit of adventure was incarnate in Maude Royden, and gave it as his opinion that in time the Fellowship might move the world.

While Miss Royden remains a loyal member of the Church of England, she has broken away from the traditional theology as ordinarily presented. She does not

accept any statement merely because it is made on authority. With an open mind she fearlessly examines every proposition to which she is asked to subscribe, and unhesitatingly rejects anything that after due consideration seems to her to be contrary to the spirit of truth. She is at once liberal in theology and strongly sacramental, a combination that is not represented by many Church leaders, apart from Dr. Dearmer, the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, and a few others, but that attracts many young people who are thoughtful and reverent. She is conscious of the lack of the mystical element in the religion of the intellectual school of Churchmen. Her consciousness that religion is a life, and therefore cannot be expressed in the terms of a creed, is the key of her theological position. She would shift the emphasis from professions of faith to living religion.

### A Word about Reunion

"What makes one a Christian," she said to me, "is being like Christ, not reciting a creed, even if it is recited *ex animo*. If we could get official religion to make this change of emphasis reunion would come automatically, it would be found to be already here; and in that way the organized religious forces would regain their influence on the people whom at present they scarcely touch. I know that a growing number of people think that organized religion has had its day, that it has done its work; but men and women who care about some particular thing will naturally want to come together in fellowship, however loose their organization."

It is not Miss Royden's idea to restrict her work to one centre. Having the soul of an evangelist, she wishes to be a missionary and to deliver her message in different places. It has long been her desire to spend several days during each week conducting missions, when possible in the open air, in populous provincial centres. But for a considerable time she has been working to the full limit of her strength, and new developments at the Guildhouse will absorb her energies in the near future.

Miss Royden visited America in 1912, when she spoke on suffrage in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other cities. She then met Mrs. Chapman Catt and Dr. Anna Shaw. The following year, at Budapest, she met Miss Jane Addams, for whom she has great admiration.

# BLINKERS

by  
Horace Annesley Vachell

Author of "The Hill," "Quinneys," "Whitewash," etc.

## CHAPTER VII (continued)

### "Pretty Lady M."

#### II

ON Sunday afternoon Purdie and Ralph motored over to Moscombe. Prospero was expecting them, because the captain had written to say that they were coming. He had also written to Miranda, and when she had read and kissed the perfervid epistle many times she slipped it under her "livery" against a soft bosom, where we will leave it.

She experienced qualms and flutterings of conscience, when her father said to her about four o'clock:

"I am expecting the captain and Mr. Purdie. I may have to talk apart with Mr. Purdie on business. You will entertain the captain."

"I'll do my best, daddy."

Some time after tea, she reflected, she would be called upon to entertain Mr. Purdie. The captain would be talking apart with her father on very important business.

She was wearing her prettiest summer frock, made by herself but designed by her father. It had cost, hat and all, less than thirty shillings. No man, except a man-milliner, could guess that. And no man can describe it. The general effect may be timidly indicated. It suggested the long ago days of Dolly Varden. The frock was quaintly fashioned out of pale pink flowered voile, the flowers on the voile never grew in any garden. Out of a filmy fichu rose Miranda's slender neck. The fichu was caught at the breast by a Madame Abel Châtenay rose, pinned in by Mrs. Merrytree herself. The hat suggested a happy hybrid between sun-bonnet and mushroom. The front was turned up, revealing the

ripples of Miranda's brown hair, simply parted in the middle. A broad ribbon (which had cost more than the hat) encircled the crown of the straw, formed a big bow in the middle of it, and, hanging in a pretty curve, came to a loose end in another bow under Miranda's chin. The ribbon matched the nondescript flowers of the voile. From under the hat peeped two curls, framing a piquant little face. Mrs. Merrytree, now fully prepared for anything, kissed the dimpling cheeks before she added the rose, saying, almost in awed accents:

"Really, Mary, you might be a princess in disguise going to meet a fairy prince."

Mary replied primly:

"I'm going to meet my father, m'm. He designed this costume."

"Costume" was the right word for a frock, according to me-an'-Kate. They had not quite approved of the flowered voile.

"Not much style about it, dear, is there?" asked Kate.

"I do fancy a bit o' colour," murmured cook. "Emerald green, now, in a sports coat is so dressy."

Mrs. Merrytree was not very quick-witted, but she detected in Mary's intonation a tincture of derision. "Costume," she decided, had been annexed from me-an'-Kate. She said pleasantly:

"You are going to see your father, Mr. Wensdy."

Thus far would she go in her passionate quest for information, no farther. It was far enough. Mary suddenly exhibited confusion. Mrs. Merrytree had given her a lovely rose and she had kissed her for the first time. She had been consistently kind and considerate to Mary. To deceive such a mistress seemed to Miranda "horrid." Without pausing to reflect, dropping the



conventional prim method of address, she said as equal to equal:

"His name is not Wensdy."

If she expected astonishment, Miranda was disappointed. Mrs. Merrytree nodded majestically. Miranda went on blushing:

"I can say to you in confidence that no member of my family has been in service. Not that my father cares two straws about that. He is far too—too big. But my aunt's outlook is narrow. She was miserable about my being a parlour-maid. To please her, and against my wonderful daddy's wishes, I took the name of Wensdy, as—as a sort of feeble joke. It happened to be on a Wednesday that I decided to go to Mrs. Paxton. You won't tell anybody that my name is not Wensdy, will you? And you won't ask me any more questions, because you are so kind."

For answer Mrs. Merrytree kissed her again, and returned to her drawing-room afire with excitement.

"Who is her father? Who can he be?" she thought.

Only the day before she had picked up, in a passage, a cambric handkerchief which belonged, as she discovered in ten minutes, to Mary. In the corner was a tiny embroidered wreath with "M" in the centre of it. Six of these filmy hankies had been the Christmas present of Prospero to his daughter. Aunt Barbie sniffed when she saw them. So did Mrs. Merrytree in another sense. The nostrils of Curiosity were titillated. Miranda had been careful about her linen. What was new was marked "M. Wensdy." Upon the old marks "M.I." she had stitched bits of tape plainly inscribed with her *nom de guerre*. But she hadn't the heart to deface her pretty hankies. And she took them with her because they brought to mind so vividly the donor. Little did she guess what inferences would be drawn from the "M" in its embroidered wreath.

Mrs. Merrytree, in the privacy of her drawing-room, took from her davenport *The Prattler*. It was pictorially illustrated and enjoyed an immense circulation. In it, as part proprietor and occasional contributor, Mr. Miles Purdie happened by the luck of things, to be interested.

Pince-nez on nose, she read for the twentieth time at least, the following paragraph:

A ripple of excitement has been raised

upon the placid surface of social life in one of our southern counties. An eccentric nobleman of ancient lineage has insisted that his daughter should go into service. We are credibly informed that the young and charming lady in question is now actually a parlour-maid, incognita. We may be able to say more in our next issue. The nobleman, a belted earl, is not, as might be rashly supposed, in impoverished circumstances. Far from it! But he holds the view, since the War, that the barrier between officers and the rank and file must be broken down. Evidently his lordship practises what he preaches. But—but what does pretty Lady M. say about it?

"I never jump to hasty conclusions," thought Mrs. Merrytree.

To say that Miles Purdie was staggered when he met Miranda describes inadequately the situation. He had prepared himself for prettiness. Prospero's daughter might be bewitching. But the odds, he decided, were against that. She had bewitched a sprig of quality. As much could be said of many choristers in musical comedies. On the other hand, from the ranks of such choristers choice specimens had been culled by young men of rank and fashion and raised on high, justifying a rash experiment in eugenics.

What astounded him was Miranda's air of distinction. Purdie lifted his hat to distinction wherever he found it. And he had found it in unexpected places, beneath the khaki of a Tommy, beneath the bib of a typist.

"This affair is serious," he thought.

Meanwhile he talked to Prospero. Ralph went into the kitchen with Miranda to help her get ready an excellent tea. Aunt Barbie was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Paxton. "Is this going to be a comedy or a tragedy?" thought Purdie.

Nevertheless he gave undivided attention to Prospero.

"I told you, Mr. Issell, that I would try to get you in touch with the right people. This is what I propose, but you must keep it to yourself"—Prospero inclined his dignified head—"and your daughter. She, by the way, is charming."

"She is the best daughter that ever lived, Mr. Purdie."

"I am interested as part proprietor in a daily paper with a big circulation. We often offer large cash prizes, ostensibly to encourage others, really to advertise ourselves. A business motive, you understand, underlies what appears to be public spirit. Within a few days we shall offer five hun-

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dred pounds for a design for a chintz or cretonne. You can send in as many designs as you like. If you should happen to win the prize your design will belong to us. We can do what we like with it."

"I understand."

"If you win the first prize—there will be others—your position as a designer will be established. You will be recognized and acknowledged as a first-class artist. Your name will be known far and wide. You won't have to hawk your wares. The right people will come to you."

"If I win the prize?"

"I believe, I may be mistaken, that you will win it. Even if you don't, your designs will become known. Now—get to work, and good luck to you. You will receive from me full information as soon as I return to London."

Issell was hardly able to express his gratitude. Unbusiness-like himself, he grasped the essential fact that he was in the hands of a business man of rare executive ability, who inspired absolute confidence.

"I shall do my best, Mr. Purdie. You— you have rejuvenated me."

### III

It had been arranged between Purdie and Ralph, that the captain should speak to Prospero after tea. Purdie would carry off Miranda. This was brought about easily enough by Purdie in his direct fashion.

"I want to make your better acquaintance, Miss Issell. Will you walk as far as the pier and back with me?"

"Of course I will," said Miranda.

Her father looked slightly astonished, but he supposed that Purdie wished to give himself the pleasure of telling the child how he proposed to help her daddy. So he said pleasantly:

"She will be delighted."

Purdie glanced at her demure face, faintly flushed, noting the resolute lips and firm chin. He was not quite at ease with her, and yet curiously aware that she was at ease with him. Probably Ralph had reassured her, imposing on her faith in his friend.

He said, with no beating of bushes:

"You know, Miss Issell, that I know nearly everything."

She replied calmly:

"Ralph told me that you knew every-

thing. Your kindness to my father and me is wonderful."

"Please don't thank me yet. I have not told Ralph what I am doing to help you two. I cannot tell you. If I did, I should be making things harder instead of easier for you."

She nodded, meeting his keen glance, raising intelligent hazel eyes to his. Obviously, like her father, she trusted him whole-heartedly.

"You can help me by doing what I shall ask you to do. I am not asking much, but I can't impress upon you too strongly that such success as may be achieved depends now more upon you than upon me. You are playing a part, aren't you?—as parlour-maid to Mrs. Merrytree."

"In a sort of way, yes."

"I want you to go on playing it."

"I don't quite understand."

"Mrs. Merrytree regards you as a mystery, so Ralph tells me. Remain a mystery. Evade all questions, whatever they may be—*whatever they may be*."

"She knows that my father's name is not Wensdy."

He said roughly:

"You have told her that his name is Issell?"

"No."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Purdie. "You scared me stiff. I thought the game was up before it had begun."

"Game?"

"No questions, not one!" He held up his hand. "I look upon life as a game. How did Mrs. Merrytree find out that your father's name is not Wensdy?"

Miranda explained. To her immense surprise, Purdie chuckled, positively rumbling with suppressed laughter. Then, as suddenly, he became serious again, almost minatory.

"We have made a magnificent start. Ariel is with us."

"Ariel?"

"You are Miranda——"

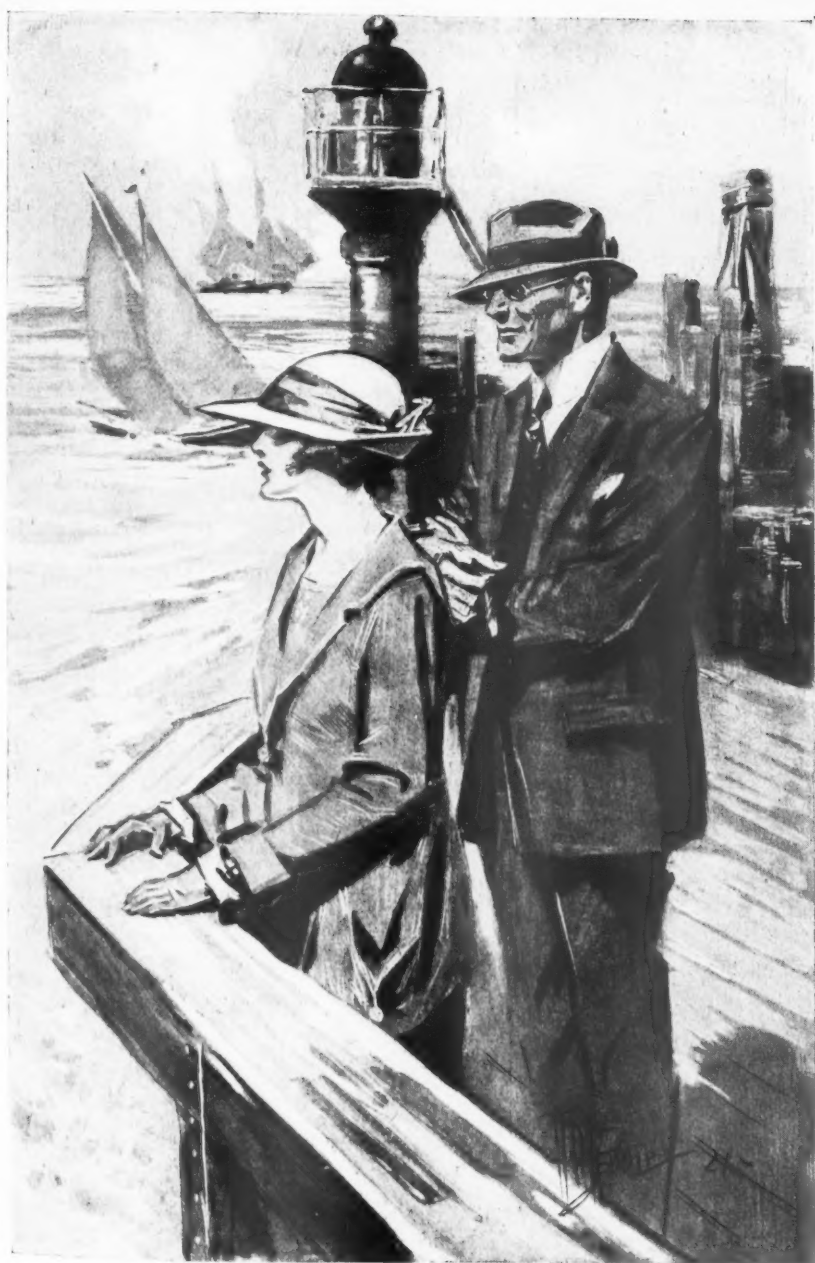
She interrupted quickly.

"I wish you would call me Miranda."

"Bless you! I will. You are Miranda; I think of your father as Prospero, kept out of his rightful dukedom. Ariel, I repeat, is with us. But the tempest is to come."

"Will there be a tempest?" she asked anxiously.

"Let us pray for a tempest in a teapot with Ariel hovering over it. But you—you



"She said quickly, with a little shiver of apprehension:  
'You think that Ralph's people won't like me'"—p. 902

*Drawn by  
Tom Peddie*

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control the elements. It is vital that Mrs. Merrytree should not find out who your father is. She will leave no stone unturned in her quest of him. Evade, therefore, all her questions, direct and indirect."

"Mrs. Merrytree is a lady."

"She is a woman. As her curiosity concerning you becomes more and more inflamed—as it will—so you must be ever on your guard against it. By doing this we may, I don't say we shall, escape thunders and lightnings—the storm!"

She said quickly, with a little shiver of apprehension:

"You think that Ralph's people won't like me."

"On the contrary, I think they will. Be prepared for their liking and guard against that."

"Guard against that?"

She was breathless with astonishment. He frowned at her, took her arm and pressed it, adding a significant shake.

"No questions! The crisis of this romantic affair will be reached when Ralph's people like you. Then you will be tempted sorely to cease to be a mystery. But a mystery you must remain till I give the word. Is that understood?"

She replied firmly:

"Yes."

"Shake hands on it, Miranda."

They did so. Her hand trembled in his. She whispered confidently:

"I do so want Ralph's people to like me."

"I predict they will like you."

She eyed him doubtfully:

"As—as a parlour-maid?"

"As a parlour-maid." In a brisk genial voice, he struck a new note of interrogation. "And now, my dear little maid, tell me what it feels like to be head over heels in love?"

### IV

The captain, meanwhile, was having a not too pleasant quarter of an hour with Prospero, who refused to believe that his child was what me-an'-Kate called "marriage-ripe."

Ralph attacked boldly, thereby gaining an initial advantage.

"I love your daughter, Mr. Issell. Will you give her to me?"

"Love my daughter? You hardly know her."

"I love her; and she loves me."

"Loves you? Impossible!"

"I asked her to marry me last Thursday. She accepted me. She wanted to tell you at once, but I begged her to wait till to-day. Purdie knows, nobody else."

Adam Issell stood up. His lips moved, but nothing articulate came from them. In silence, he began to pace up and down the studio, absorbing, as best he could, the astonishing truth. The years dropped from him like a moth-eaten garment. He recalled his wooing of Miranda's mother; he beheld her face, so like Miranda's. What would she say if she were alive? His own wooing had been tempestuous. In the end, after many buffetings, his wife had left a father, who, from the first, had refused consent to the marriage. The father was a doctor with a diminishing practice in South Kensington. Issell, in fact, had met his wife by chance at the South Kensington Museum. Acquaintance ripened into love. The doctor said bluntly that he would be no party to his daughter marrying out of his class. Perhaps from that moment class distinction became anathema to the designer. The doctor gave himself ridiculous airs, because he happened to be of kin to a baronet who ignored his existence. Finally, when conditions at home became intolerable, the doctor's daughter walked out of her father's house, married Issell, and never saw her father again. He died before Miranda was born, leaving behind him hardly money enough to bury him decently. But the baronet—amazing irony—attended his funeral.

Ralph remained in his chair. Seeing that Issell was much upset he lit a cigarette. Presently, Issell stood still.

"You say that Mr. Purdie knows. What does he say?"

"He said he didn't think I had it in me."

Prospero smiled almost ducally.

"You mean," he said quietly, "that Mr. Purdie was astonished to learn that you wished to marry a tradesman's daughter. And so am I. I say this for the three of us—we are not snobs. We are all, I hope, honest men. I want to be honest with you. And with myself. What will your people say to this?"

"I—I don't know, Mr. Issell. I am reckoning on Purdie's help. I believe that Miranda has—a—bowled him over too. I was watching his face when he met her. He capitulated."

Prospero, still ducal, remarked derisively:

"I am not insensible to Miranda's charm."  
 "I should think not," said Ralph warmly.  
 He added boyishly: "I jolly well know that in your eyes, Mr. Issell, it's not a question of whether Miranda is good enough for me. Am I good enough for her? I'm not. Nobody is."

Prospero smiled without any derision. In his more whimsical manner he presently continued:

"Miranda is barely twenty. You are twenty-five? Yes. Can you support a wife?"

"Men in my position have done so, on their pay, in India."

"But it would be a struggle?"

"Well, I suppose it would."

"And knowing this you would run the risk of disaster, you would imperil the happiness of the girl you love, because she would be miserably unhappy, when the inevitable day came."

"The inevitable day?"

"When she fully realized that marriage with you had imposed on you the wear and tear of keeping up appearances upon an insufficient income."

He spoke gently, pensively, recalling his own distracting emotions, long ago, when full knowledge came to him of what his marriage had imposed upon his wife. Love had survived that ordeal. But his wife had died.

Ralph was much impressed. Mrs. Merrytree, Purdie, and Issell—three persons entirely different in temperament, character, and experience—were unanimous upon one point: a hasty marriage might imperil Miranda's happiness.

He remained silent.

"I am positive," Issell went on, "that you will encounter opposition from your parents. It is for you to overcome that, if you can. Miranda is still under age. I like you personally. I will give Miranda to you gladly, if she is accepted by your parents. You honour them?"

"I do."

"You can't keep this from them?"

"Not for long, Mr. Issell."

"It seems to me there is nothing more to say. I despise certain conventions, but I don't ignore them. Nor can you. Is Lord Bisterne the head of your family?"

"He is."

"I recall something about him, something I read. He lost his two sons in the war."

"Yes," admitted Ralph. "If he died

to-morrow my father would step into his shoes."

"And you are your father's eldest son?"

"His only son."

Adam Issell sighed.

"The situation," he murmured, "is cruelly strained. I can do nothing to relieve it."

"Purdie has had an inspiration."

"Of what nature?"

"He refuses to tell me."

Issell's face brightened.

"Mr. Purdie ought to be inspired, because he inspires others. For the moment we will leave these grave issues in his hands."

## V

Scarcely had they left Moscombe, and as soon as the car was clear of the tramway lines, Ralph said to Purdie:

"What do you think of her, Miles?"

"She is worth fighting for."

"That means a lot from you."

"It does."

Purdie, apparently, was in no mood for talk. He sat, huddled up in his great coat, staring at the dusty road ahead of him. He had travelled many roads and wandered down many paths. He was thinking of the women whom he had met on these high roads and by-paths, contrasting them with Miranda. He recalled one in particular, a laughing minx, to whom he, the dealer in prose, had indited sonnets! Looking back it was incredible that he had done so. She had killed romance in him, the baggage! And she was a servant-maid, and he—a printer's devil!

*He had learned about women from her.*

Kipling's line haunted him; the pistons of the car seemed to repeat it, hammering it home upon a lacerated memory.

And since, a thousand times, he had told himself that he was a fool to waste thought upon her. Why did Nellie come back to him? The sorry incident—if regarded with any detachment—was an incident, or an accident. They had drifted together, boy and girl; they had parted. He had no reason to reproach himself for his treatment of her. Other men, thousands of them, were little the worse after a similar experience. Why had it affected him?

She was his first love. That rankled. Was it merely bad luck that he had wasted anything approximating to love on her? Or was there in him that *nostalgie de*

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*la boue* which affects, disastrously, some of the strongest of strivers? Her looks had demoralized him. She had shaken her curls daringly in his ugly face, luring him on. At first he had been horribly shy with her, which amused the little devil. He remembered how she had laughed at him when he, a raw boy of nineteen, had asked her to marry him. He left her in a black rage, swearing to himself that he would never speak to her again. But she wanted him. She meant to have him. She confessed as much afterwards. For a year he remained her bond slave. He held desperately to her, when he discovered that she was faithless, common as the stairs. Finally, she left him.

What a sordid story!

But, analysing it, he could extract the bitter kernel of truth. He thought her pure; she made him impure. She was just a little animal, a creature of the senses, without sense, without intelligence, without any saving graces save youth and bloom. Purdie was too strong a man to blame her; he blamed himself, cursed himself.

Had he, however, met such a girl as Miranda—

That thought gnawed at him, filling him with envy of Ralph sitting beside him, steering the car, surely the luckiest fellow in the world, clean of limb and mind, fit to love and be loved!

Purdie had trained himself to form quick judgments; he believed that he could "size up" any man in a few minutes, and then deal with him. Perhaps he looked first for evidence of will-power. He had discovered will-power in Miranda. Honesty of purpose was not so easily discerned, but it shone conspicuous in Miranda's eyes. In short, he had capitulated at first sight. She was Prospero's daughter.

They passed the Vicarage. Ralph indicated the chimneys and gables peeping through the trees.

"It's a snug harbourage," said Ralph, "but I must rouse my dear out of it."

"Not yet."

"Eh?"

"I want you to leave Miranda where she is."

"Leave her alone, you mean?"

"Nothing of the sort," growled Purdie. Then, swiftly, he cast out his blue devils, turning twinkling eyes upon the young fellow. "Tell me," he commanded, "what arrangements have you made with her,

about seeing her, I mean? Confide in me, my Ferdinand."

"Ferdinand?"

"You don't read your Shakespeare?"

"Candidly, I prefer Jorjocks."

"Right! Ferdinand was Miranda's lover. And a bit of a thruster. Billets will not suffice you. I could quote Ferdinand, but I spare you. Are you going to meet her in this enchanted forest?"

"I hope so."

"It's a rare place for lovers."

"I shall be most awfully careful, Miles. You needn't worry."

"I don't."

## CHAPTER VIII

### Concerning a Book-plate

#### I

MIRANDA returned to the Vicarage. The wonderful day was nearly over. She had talked with her father. And, being the man he was, he had imposed no conditions. She knew that he trusted her, seeking her happiness before his own. As soon as they were alone, he kissed her, stroking her hair, saying nothing or next to nothing, but gazing into her clear eyes.

"You do like Ralph, daddy, don't you?"

"I do, I do. But you are so young, child. And there are difficulties— They may be overcome. We shall see."

Back at the Vicarage, she went to her tiny bedroom and locked the door. From a dorothea bag, she took a small velvet case and opened it.

Her engagement ring!

Upon the Thursday, just before they parted, her lover asked her if she liked turquoise. And she replied that she did, adding shyly: "I shall like what you like." To-day, he had slipped upon her finger a lovely ring of turquoise and diamonds, which he had bought on the Saturday in Westhampton.

It could only be worn at night.

She put it on the right finger and stared at it. She was "engaged."

Presently she knelt down to repeat her simple prayers, a-quiver with gratitude to Omnipotence, commending to Him two men, lover and friend. Purdie was accepted as friend. He puzzled her; he seemed to dominate her thoughts; but he was "just right." She believed devoutly that Purdie,





" 'I am positive,' Issell went on, 'that you will encounter opposition from your parents' "—p. 903

Drawn by  
Tom Peddie

## II

somehow, would smooth from her path the difficulties at which her father hinted.

Lying in bed, tired but disinclined to sleep, she remembered what she had said to Purdie, and wondered at his power in inspiring and extracting confidence. She had given him more than a glimpse into her heart. Did he think of her as a "gushet"? When she attempted to reveal her feelings, he had listened in silence, keenly attentive. When she finished her artless recital, he had thanked her soberly. At the very last, as they were entering the studio, he repeated the injunction: "Be on your guard against indiscreet questions. It's nobody's business who your father is. You have assumed a new name, accepted deliberately a new part. Play that part for all you're worth!"

Very soon, though, the more masterful personality drifted out of her mind. She fell asleep, thinking of her lover. She dreamed of him.

Mrs. Merrytree lay awake, too, tingling with excitement and curiosity. It would be unjust to call her a snob, but she happened to be the daughter of a man who was Briton enough to love a lord. Even to Mrs. Merrytree, a belted earl was not quite as other men. She could not help investing a "nobleman of ancient lineage" with a halo of respect and admiration; she felt uneasy at the mere thought of the daughter of such a man polishing her silver and cleaning the vicar's old coats. The world, since the war, might be upside down—no doubt it was—but there must be limits even to topsy-turvydom.

The weekly illustrated paper had been sent to her unmarked—not an unusual experience. Kind friends sent such papers from time to time. For example, the daughters of the local magnate never forgot an old friend deeply interested in their

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doings in the great world. If they happened to be "snapped" at society functions, one of them would send *The Prattler* or *The Cackler*. She had searched the paper that arrived by post on Sunday morning, reasonably sure that she would find mention of Nancy or Celia. And she had found, instead, the astounding paragraph, nothing else likely to challenge attention.

Had the paper been sent with a definite object? And, if so, by whom? And why?

At the cold supper provided upon Sunday evenings, she had shown the paragraph to the vicar, who remained, after reading it, exasperatingly calm. He did not leap to hasty conclusions. He might rush wildly after some rare specimen of a fritillary, but mentally he ambled behind his active-minded wife.

"A mere coincidence," he murmured.

"You admit that Mary is a mystery, Alfred?"

"So are you, my dear, so are all women."

"Why was this paper sent to me?"

"I don't know." Nevertheless, after a pause, he added mildly:

"It seems to me, Annabella, that this is none of our business. You are slightly excited. You might, I hesitate to say so, make yourself ridiculous over this matter. I do accept Mary as above her present condition. But many young ladies have been forced to seek domestic service. We are lucky to get her. I hope we shall keep her."

"Surely you admit that the daughter of a nobleman is out of place in our pantry?"

"I cannot accept Mary, upon such slight evidence, as the daughter of a nobleman. Is this cheese Cheshire?"

Mrs. Merrytree was silenced—for the moment only.

On the Monday morning Mary resumed her duties. So did Mrs. Merrytree. Being an excellent housewife, she observed self-imposed rules. On Monday she inspected her maids' bedrooms. She insisted that they should be kept in order. She walked briskly into Mary's room at a time when Mary was busy in the pantry.

We may be reasonably sure that her eyes, as she entered that virginal sanctuary, were slightly more alert than usual. She gazed with approval at a neat bed. Thence her glance wandered to the washstand. Mary, she reflected, used a nice sponge and a face sponge. She lifted the cover of the soap dish. She saw a square of plain soap pro-

vided by herself, and a tiny cake of heliotrope-coloured soap which she examined with greater interest. It had a delicate fragrance of lilac.

"I believe," thought Mrs. Merrytree, "that it is Roger and Gallet."

The dressing-table told another story to a woman capable of drawing inferences. Hairbrushes and comb were in order. Inevitably Mrs. Merrytree compared these articles of the toilet with what belonged to me-an'-Kate, who were not fastidious about hairbrushes or combs. She remarked a pair of nail-scissors and a shoe-horn. Under the dressing-table were shoes—in trees! Me-an'-Kate bought scent with a basis of musk. Mary, apparently, used no scent.

Mrs. Merrytree was about to leave the room, rather regretfully, and wondering, in spite of herself, what a neat trunk might contain, when her roving eye fell upon two books upon a table near Mary's bed. One was a small Bible: the other was delicately bound in very old tooled morocco.

She picked up the "Lyra Innocentium."

The Sage, as has been said, was a collector of books picked up for a few pence at second-hand bookstalls. Some of these books held book-plates. The Sage respected book-plates. He had found this copy of the "Lyra Innocentium" in Oxford Street. He had paid ten shillings for it because he wished to give a girl of fourteen a birthday present. In it was a book-plate, a coat of arms surmounted by a coronet. It was not, however, an earl's coronet. Coincidence, possibly, shrinks from too flagrant a violation of the laws of probability. Above the book-plate, in his scholarly handwriting, the Sage had inscribed this line: "To my dear little daughter from her loving father."

Mrs. Merrytree beheld the coronet, read the inscription, and replaced the book. Then, hurriedly, she sought the seclusion of her bedchamber.

Confirmation "strong as Holy Writ" was an inalienable possession.

### III

She was now convinced that she was entertaining, and fully aware of it, the angel daughter of an eccentric nobleman. Unfortunately for her, she knew nothing of heraldry. But she did know that coats of arms were set forth in "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage." With ample

time at her disposal she might have found the coat in the "Lyra Innocentium" and collated the book-plate with the coats of arms emblazoned in Burke. With patience she might have arrived at an answer to the insistent question "Who is Mary's father?" Had she done so, however, she would have identified the coat as belonging to a Baron of the United Kingdom, barren indeed of lands and honours, and barren too so far as the issue of his person was concerned. Mrs. Merrytree resisted this temptation with a conscience already not quite easy. Mary, pretty dear, had beseeched her to ask no more questions. And she had nodded. The nod pledged her—up to a point. She was sensible that she could not bring herself to put further questions to Mary. She had slightly soiled clean hands by picking up the "Lyra Innocentium" and opening it. She shrank from telling her husband that she had done so.

Harassed by these prickings of conscience, she remembered the Somervells, of whom she had spoken not too kindly. Ralph's visit had pleased her. She would have preferred to take counsel with the village magnate's wife, but the lady, who knew many lords, was in London. The Somervells were of kin to a peer. Colonel Somervell, a gentleman of the old school, might identify a coat with three stars upon it on one side and some bars on the other. She thought that she could describe it to him, if necessary. Mrs. Somervell, not a gossip, would offer advice and a cup of China tea.

She drove a small pony cart to Chorley House.

Much to her satisfaction the colonel and Mrs. Somervell were "at home." Ralph and Purdie were out walking in the forest but expected back to tea.

Alone with her host and hostess, comfortably ensconced in a chair under the lime trees, Mrs. Merrytree said solemnly:

"A most extraordinary thing has happened."

"Really?"

"I have a new parlour-maid, a girl of surprising charm and intelligence, who is, I am certain, the daughter of a nobleman."

"Most extraordinary, as you say," murmured Mrs. Somervell.

Mrs. Merrytree, delighted to perceive that she had, in stage parlance, "got over," held the situation firmly.

"Ralph came to see me, dear boy, the

other day. He was struck by Mary's appearance—her name is Mary—did he say anything to you about her?"

"Not a word."

"I can assure you of this, everybody who has seen Mary is struck by her manner, by her—a—distinction. That is the word."

"Distinction?" repeated Colonel Somervell.

Like the vicar, he remained calm, suspending judgment.

Mrs. Merrytree told her tale, and told it with cumulative intensity of interest, well aware that she had the ear of her audience. When she mentioned the book-plate Colonel Somervell asked questions.

"Not stars, my dear lady, mullets. Three mullets on what?"

"On the book-plate."

"On what field?"

"Field! I don't think there was a field."

The colonel was patient and explanatory. Mrs. Merrytree, in her own way, remembered what she had seen. The colonel became excited over mullets, a chevron, tinctures and ordinaries—all so much Choctaw to Mrs. Merrytree.

"I must see it," declared the colonel. "But I agree. The affair is extraordinary. Who could have sent you this weekly newspaper? Obviously somebody wished to call your attention to that paragraph. Upon my word, I should like to see the girl."

"So should I," admitted Mrs. Somervell.

"That can be arranged easily, if you will drink tea with me any afternoon except Thursday. Thursday is Mary's day off. I have asked no questions, but I am sure she goes to Avonmouth. Her father is probably staying at Avonmouth."

"He may not belong to this county," said the colonel.

"Being eccentric, as Mary admits to me that he is, he may like Avonmouth, suggested Mrs. Merrytree.

The colonel and his lady admitted this.

"I shall not talk of this to my other neighbours, dear Mrs. Somervell. But, do tell me, what would you do under the circumstances?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Somervell.

"But the situation is—awkward?"

She spoke interrogatively. The fact that such people as the Somervells accepted the romantic tale impressed her tremendously, rehabilitating faith in her own judgment. But the colonel kept on repeating:

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"I must see the girl. Distinction—now. I flatter myself that I know distinction when I meet it. I seldom meet it. The young girls of to-day have not distinction. I can detect quality, even if I find it under the apron of a parlour-maid."

"Will you come to me on Wednesday afternoon?"

"We will," said Colonel Somervell. "Thursday is her 'day off,' is it?"

"Yes; it pains me to use such an expression about the daughter of a nobleman of ancient lineage."

"If one could follow the girl——!"

Mrs. Somervell was shocked.

"My dear Arthur——!"

"Well, well, the affair is exciting."

"Isn't it? She trees her shoes. And those handkerchiefs——!"

"The book-plate," declared the colonel solemnly, "clinches the matter. And her blushing admission to you that her name is not Wensdy. The father must be mad."

"But not impoverished. The paragraph mentioned that."

"Yes; and conditions in this unhappy country are so intolerable that there is excuse for madness. At moments I feel mad myself. With our present misgovernment my little Ruth may become a parlour-maid."

Mrs. Merrytree turned again to her hostess:

"I don't quite know how to treat her?"

Mrs. Somervell replied gently:

"I am sure that you are treating her admirably. You will excite gossip, you will upset the other maids, you will upset the girl herself if you attempt to lighten her duties."

"That is perfectly true."

"Leave things as they are."

"I will."

None the less, they talked about "Mary" till Purdie and Ralph appeared. Then, abruptly, the fascinating subject was dropped.

### IV

In the presence of Purdie no mention was made of Mary. And, soon after tea, Mrs. Merrytree drove away from Chorley House. Not till after dinner, when the ladies had left the dining-room, and the three men were alone over their coffee, did the colonel burst forth:

"The inaccuracy of women is the devil! One expects ignorance but not inaccuracy."

"What has happened, father?" asked Ralph.

"This afternoon, just before tea-time, Mrs. Merrytree told your dear mother and me an amazing tale. Her parlour-maid, so it seems, is——" He broke off suddenly, staring at his son. "You have met her. You called upon Mrs. Merrytree. What did you think of Mary, the new parlour-maid?"

Purdie's face remained inscrutable. Ralph, taken aback but keeping his head, said quickly:

"Yes; I saw her. She's a wonder."

"A wonder—hay? Mrs. Merrytree has found out who she is."

Ralph gulped down some coffee. The colonel, too excited to remark his son's slight confusion, went on:

"The daughter of a nobleman of ancient lineage!"

"Very remarkable," observed Purdie.

"Regular knockout," murmured Ralph.

The colonel told Mrs. Merrytree's tale, ending explosively:

"The book-plate proves it. Since tea, I have spent a couple of hours and neglected my correspondence in running through the peerage. That silly old woman described to me an escutcheon. She spoke of stars, but dash my stars if she don't deserve stripes. I suppose she meant mullets. But she may have confounded mullets with crosses, roses, saltires or roundels. Heaven only knows! She chattered, too, about 'bars.' She ought to be put behind 'em. She seemed pretty confident about a chevron. Anyway, I've wasted two hours, and I'm no wiser than I was before. If I could see that book-plate—— However, you, Ralph, confirm what Mrs. Merrytree tells us about the girl. She is, you say, a wonder. The old lady used the word 'distinction.'"

"She is distinguished, father. She looks and speaks like a charming young lady."

"You don't say so. On Wednesday, I am to judge for myself. But why was *The Prattler*, containing this significant paragraph, sent to Mrs. Merrytree?"

Ralph glanced at Purdie. He knew that Purdie had an interest in *The Prattler*. Purdie's face remained impassive, but he said carelessly:

"This story is hardly credible. It looks to me as if Mrs. Merrytree had been spouted."

"No, Purdie, no. Mrs. Merrytree may be a fool about heraldry, not about parlour-



" 'The book-plate,' declared the colonel solemnly, 'clinches the matter' "

Drawn by  
Tom Peattie

maids. We are faced with a very pretty mystery."

"Very pretty indeed," Ralph admitted calmly.

Purdie thrust out his jaw, grinning derisively.

"Mrs. Merrytree has discovered a mare's nest."

"Nothing of the sort," affirmed the colonel testily. "But, mark you, I reserve my opinion till Wednesday. I shall see this charming young lady. I mean to have a word with her. She can't take me in. Breeding is unmistakable. If her heels are hairy, I shall know it."

"Her heels are not hairy, father."

"I have advised Mrs. Merrytree," the colonel went on, "to hold her tongue for a few days. She asked us for—a—advice. She interested us. I have promised to help her—"

"Forgive me," interrupted Purdie, "but, really, is it fair on the girl? Why should Mrs. Merrytree care tuppence, provided the

girl does her work decently, whether she is the daughter of a nobleman or not?"

"If you can't answer that question for yourself, Purdie, I'm afraid I can't help you. Things have come to a pass, indeed, when earls' daughters become parlour-maids."

"I refuse to believe she is an earl's daughter."

The colonel rose, slightly huffed.

"That's as may be. Nowadays, I am prepared for anything."

V

The Somervells—father, mother and daughter—went early to bed. Ralph smoked a pipe with Purdie. The young fellow believed that he had made four out of two and two. As soon as he was alone with his friend, he said eagerly:

"Miles, you sent that 'par' to *The Prattler*. You wrote two letters on Thursday night, and posted them yourself. This

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mare's nest is all of your building, isn't it?"

Purdie frowned at him.

"You butt in, do you? All right! Yes; I inspired that paragraph. And the imps of comedy, or perhaps Master Ariel, prearranged that book-plate, as corroborative detail."

"I'm not quite there yet."

"I'm testing this preconceived idea of Prospero's. Things are working out even better than I had anticipated. You may have noticed that I slightly annoyed your father to-night. The preconceived idea thrives the more lustily if you fertilize it with a dash of opposition. He is ready to believe that Miranda is the daughter of a belted earl. When he meets her next Wednesday, he'll be cocksure of it."

"I dare say, and perfectly furious when he discovers the truth. I don't think much of your scheme, Miles."

"You ungrateful young rascal! How I hate dotting my i's! However——"

Purdie got up out of his armchair, and, standing over Ralph, looked down upon him with smiling eyes.

"Look you here, Ralph, your scheme was rotten. I'll hark back a bit, set me right if I go wrong. You were sharp enough to see that Issell's designs were superlatively good. That jumps even to the untrained eye. I will bet more than I can afford to lose that Issell's designs are well known in this country and America, but not under his name. That remains to be verified. We come now to Miranda. You fell in love with the little witch, and I don't blame you. I—I envy you. She is Issell's masterpiece. Then you thought that I might boom Issell. And I hope to do so. You told me yourself that if he was accepted by the world as a famous designer, and if later on you introduced your people to Miranda, they might welcome her as daughter-in-law. I emphasize—might."

"And what is rotten about that?" Ralph inquired.

"Just this. Sooner or later, your people would discover that you knew Miranda when she was merely the daughter of a tradesman in Moscombe. They would realize that they had been deceived by you. They would believe that Miranda was a party to the deceit. They would then be furious—and quite right, too."

"I see," said Ralph humbly.

"Inspiration came to me from Adam

Issell, I saw that it was vital that your people should see Miranda as a parlour-maid, admit her quality, her distinction. I wanted them to consent to your marrying her as a parlour-maid. If they met her with the preconceived idea that she was a wonder, they would say so ungrudgingly. And having said so they would find it difficult to unsay it. The problem was, and is, to present Miranda to them as somebody eligible to become your wife. Accordingly, I wrote that 'par,' and I sent a copy of *The Prattler* to Mrs. Merrytree. Ariel has done the rest. Now, I wanted to keep you and Miranda out of this, as innocent of my machinations as the Babes in the Wood. I belong to the great army of the 'Don't-care-a-snap.' I shan't worry when your good father discovers that I have spoofed him. But, if he is spoofed by me, if he is captivated by Miranda, if he chortles over the possibility of your marrying such a paragon, how can he back out of it when he discovers that she is Adam Issell's daughter?"

"You are a marvel," Ralph quietly admitted.

"I advise you, my boy, to let me play this hand alone without further interference or comment. Make love to Miranda! Go it! The harder you go it, the sooner the climax will take place. No more questions!"

## CHAPTER IX

### The Colonel Surrenders

#### I

UPON the following Wednesday, Colonel and Mrs. Somervell motored over to Medbery-Hawthorne. Neither Ralph nor Purdie accompanied them. The colonel secretly cherished a tiny grievance against Purdie. His liking for the war correspondent had increased upon better acquaintance. Purdie made him laugh; Purdie was helpful in small matters of business; he had, in fact, a "grasp." The colonel, confronted by post-war conditions beyond his ken, turned to Purdie instinctively, as a lame man might reach for a stout stick. With Purdie, arm in arm, he hobbled slowly towards a better understanding of what the journalist termed "reconstruction." The colonel's criticism of heartbreaking changes even in Puddenhurst, was mainly destructive. In a dim fashion, he was beginning to see something,



not much, through Purdie's spectacles. And, as a lover and connoisseur of horses, he set a high value on "bone." Purdie, he admitted, had the bone necessary to carry him far on any road. He was a "stayer." And he had "manners." By manners, the colonel meant what every horseman appreciates, steadiness, a good mouth, no prancings and fidgetings. He liked men who would listen quietly to him when he talked. Then, in his turn, he would listen to them, affecting a courtesy which he might be far from feeling.

Nevertheless—as he told his wife, who rarely contradicted him—Purdie, all said and done, was "not out of the top drawer." A man of the world could detect that in ha'penny matters, the unconsidered trifles that mean so much to the prescient eye. For instance, it was quite impossible for Purdie, with his upbringing (the colonel remained hazy about printers' devils), to understand the appalling significance of a nobleman's daughter accepting cheerfully the ignominies of domestic service. The mere suggestion of such an inversion of the decencies and right adjustments of life raised a lump in Colonel Somervell's gorge. He thought better of Mrs. Merrytree because she was distressed and perplexed by a situation so delicate and so embarrassing. He wondered why his own dear wife was not more moved by the exigency. But she, alas! was physically frail, unable to cope with the overdressed minxes in her service. He could make allowance for her.

By this time, after forty-eight hours' reflection, the colonel had brought himself to accept an unvarnished tale as true. The expression "mare's nest" had provoked him. The thinly veiled injunction from Purdie that the matter was nobody's concern rankled. On the Tuesday he bought the current *Prattler* and read, alone in his den, growling audibly, the devastating paragraph.

"What does pretty Lady M. say about it?"

What, indeed?

He intended to have a word with pretty Lady M.

Perhaps his son was responsible for this acceptance of the amazing story. Ralph had pronounced the new parlour-maid to be a "wonder." Had the boy ever used such extravagant praise about Alice Apperton? Never! Or about any other nice girl in the Forest of Ys? No. In a jiffy, his boy,

a chip of the old block, had looked beneath a parlour-maid's pinafore and appraised what he found without hesitation. Father and son could "look over" horses out at grass, ungroomed, unkempt, thin or fat, and recognize breeding and quality. That might be a gift. The Somervells had it.

Moreover, he had taken Ralph aside and cross-examined him.

"What d'ye mean by a wonder—hay?"

For the second time Ralph salved a sensitive conscience by telling the exact truth.

"She opened the door, father, and I gasped."

"You don't say so? You—you gasped!"

"Yes; I behaved like a clown. I—I just stared at her, dumb with astonishment."

"Bless my soul? What hit you in the eye, my boy? Beauty? The little filly's good breeding—the points we both admire, and very properly? Throw your tongue, Ralph!"

In the Forest of Ys, followers of the chase are dependent upon hounds who "throw their tongue." Not hearing that "music," they don't quite know where they are.

Ralph, thus adjured, spoke up and out:

"She isn't a beauty, father. Nothing *flashy*, you know."

"Hang flashiness! A flashy chestnut mare nearly broke my neck. Not a beauty, eh?"

"Clean limbed, father, nice sloping shoulder, carries a high head, intelligent eye, moves daintily, picks up her feet, small feet, b'Jove! good all round."

The colonel nodded solemnly.

"In the stud book, what?"

"I can't say that," said Ralph cautiously.

"Well, well, who can, till you see the entry in black and white? You have told me quite enough. And, anyway, I form my own judgments of horses and women."

Fortified by this talk, the colonel, without mentioning the fact even to his wife, devoted more valuable time to Burke. It is affirmed that a man can find anything, anywhere, if he searches for it diligently. In the works of William Shakespeare, wise men have found—or thought they did—proof positive that the Swan of Avon was not the author of the plays attributed to him. In the same earnest spirit the colonel turned over again the pages of Sir Bernard Burke.

He discovered a belted earl with a

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daughter named Mary. Nothing extraordinary about that. Many earls have named their daughters Mary. But, to his joy, he discovered also a coat of arms bearing mullets. Ariel must have been laughing in his sleeve! The earl in question was not known to Colonel Somervell, but he might be eccentric. Unless he had mortgaged three places up to the hilt, he must be rich. If he were rich, and sent his daughter out to service, he must be eccentric. So the colonel reasoned, smoking a cigar that was not worth the price paid for it. He kept what he found in Burke to himself, for a reason which illuminates further his character. He dreaded ridicule. If that fellow Purdie was right, if the whole thing was jiggery-pokery, the truth, when it came out, should not find Colonel Somervell in an untenable position. Earl's daughter or no earl's daughter, he proposed to judge the girl with real detachment on her "points." If some indiscreet person had dared to suggest to him that he was carrying to Medbery-Hawthorne a preconceived idea, he would have repudiated such a suggestion with scorn. But, in his heart, he had "reconstructed" a plausible working hypothesis. And he had done so, subconsciously, under the guiding intelligence of Purdie. Mrs. Paxton—according to Mrs. Merrytree, a decayed gentlewoman who kept a registry office—refused, on formal application, to furnish information concerning Mary Wensdy, a parlour-maid supplied by her. Why? Her silence, her refusal to answer a simple question, became at once portentously mysterious. Almost immediately it is discovered that the girl has assumed the absurd patronymic of Wensdy. She is sailing blithely under false colours. She possesses cambric handkerchiefs with an "M" encircled by a hand-embroidered wreath. Her appearance, her voice and manners, are those of a young lady. She admits that her father is eccentric. In her possession is a book exquisitely bound, with a book-plate in it surmounted by a coronet, and an inscription. The book is a birthday gift from father to daughter. Lastly, when Mary has her "day off," she takes the Avonmouth road. Avonmouth was not to Colonel Somervell's taste, but belted earls patronized excellent hotels. Given an eccentric nobleman, with preposterous notions about the dignity of "service," given, also, that however eccentric he might be such a dangerous experi-

ment as sending your girl from you as a parlour-maid would hardly be tried in your own county and amongst people who would recognize the girl at once, it was conceivable, nay, it was certain, that the maddest of altruists would select a locality where neither he nor his daughter would be known, and, further, a locality where the father, seeking his ease at his inn, might watch with paternal solicitude the effect of his daring adventure.

With these conclusions simmering in his mind, Colonel Somervell drove his car to Medbery-Hawthorne.

## II

Mrs. Merrytree made preparations to receive her visitors. Mary was instructed to wear the cinnamon-brown livery, and her prettiest cap and apron.

"I am expecting Colonel and Mrs. Somervell to tea. They will arrive after four. The weather is so fine that we can have tea on the lawn."

"Very good, m'm," replied Mary.

Her pulses throbbed at the dear name, but, outwardly, she remained calm. In a soft voice that may have faltered ever so slightly she asked: "Are you expecting more than two, m'm?"

"Only two, Mary, but we must have a dainty tea, and some fruit. The nectarines and peaches sent so kindly from Medbery Court. The vicar will not be at home."

"Very good, m'm."

She flitted away, light as a bird. Mrs. Merrytree regarded her as a bird of exotic plumage, a bird belonging to a paradise into which a solicitor's daughter rarely strayed. Not to betray herself when Mary waited upon her became a task of ever-increasing magnitude.

That same morning a small incident had upset her. She was aware that she had not described the coat of arms correctly to Colonel Somervell. Before he arrived, she decided that it would be permissible to attempt a rough sketch in pencil. She resolved to do this after many heartburnings and without consulting the vicar. She had an uneasy premonition that Alfred would say quietly: "This is not quite cricket, Annabella." On the other hand, Colonel Somervell would ask for exact information. He had hinted as much. Indeed, a new and consoling consideration presented itself. Was she not justified in unveiling the



"Miranda said hastily, 'I beg your pardon, sir. I—I forgot myself' "—p. 916

Drawn by  
Tom Pettie

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mystery if Chance, not Design, furnished the opportunity? Mary had elected to come to her as a parlour-maid—incognita. To take advantage of her position as mistress, to play Torquemada in petticoats, was unthinkable for good Mrs. Merrytree. But, if the girl dropped handkerchiefs, why shouldn't her mistress pick them up? If she left books upon the table near her bed, might not any self-respecting person glance at them? Even Colonel Somervell, who might be a peer of the realm some day, had said: "If we could follow the girl——" That had sunk in. Under certain conditions it was the duty of a matron to follow a maid.

To Mrs. Merrytree's chagrin and disappointment the "*Lyra Innocentium*" was not to be found in Mary's bedroom. It is impossible to conjecture what Mrs. Merrytree would have done had Ariel, for instance, whispered to her where the volume was. Mary had sent it to her lover. She had little to offer in return for the ring; so she had sent her most precious possession.

"I give you" (she wrote) "my own little book that daddy gave to me when I was fourteen. It is really part of me. I wear my lovely ring at night. I shall think to-night of you reading my book, holding it in your hand. There is a horrid stain on page 91. I made the dreadful mistake of trying to learn some verses when I was eating raspberries. . . ."

A fond lover had kissed the stain.

Finding the book gone, Mrs. Merrytree almost strained herself leaping to another hasty conclusion. Mary, of course, an alert girl, had remembered the truth-revealing book-plate. She had locked up this bit of evidence in her neat trunk.

At four-fifteen the Somervells arrived.

The colonel brought the car to a standstill handsomely, just in front of the door, very pleased with himself inasmuch as the Vicarage drive had been laid out upon modest lines to accommodate pony carts. He got out briskly, removed a rug from his wife, helped her to descend, and rang the bell.

Mary opened the door.

In one second, so far as the colonel was concerned, the essential truth became established. His boy had been right. Whether he would have touched this high-water mark of conviction if he had not accepted as authentic Mrs. Merrytree's tale about a nobleman is of no importance.

The girl was—distinguished.

And she occupied an unassailable posi-

tion in the stud book. He became ridiculously eager to talk to her.

"Mrs. Merrytree is at home?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Yes, sir. She is expecting you and Mrs. Somervell."

The honoured name left her lips delightfully.

*Miranda Somervell!*

Any mispronunciation of his name irritated the colonel. Even in the Forest of Ys residents who ought to have known better called him Somerville, and tradesmen, reaching nether hell, distorted the name into Somervul.

She had the clear articulation of the gentlewoman. He smiled at her so pleasantly that she blushed, not in rustic colourings of peony and rhododendron, but exquisitely pink.

"Mrs. Merrytree is in the garden, sir."

"One moment." He nearly added "my dear."

Mary stood still, three steps above the veteran.

"Shall I leave the car here?" he asked.

Mary glanced at it. The car was of pre-war manufacture, but the colonel had had it varnished recently.

"It would be wise," she suggested, "to leave it in the shade."

She indicated, with a small uplifted hand, a generous patch of shadow.

"You can follow us into the garden, Arthur," said Mrs. Somervell.

"Certainly, my dear."

Mary and Mrs. Somervell vanished. The colonel wiped his brow with a silk bandana.

"A dear and a sweet," he muttered to himself, "whoever she is—whoever she is."

The car was carefully backed into the shade.

"And sensible! Knows about cars. Saw that my car had just been done up. Uses her eyes."

With these phrases on the lips of his mind, he passed through the hall and on to the lawn beyond.

As he approached Mrs. Merrytree, Mary flitted by him. "A good mover," he thought. His hostess greeted him cordially, and he noted that she was excited. The three sat down. Knowing that her parlour-maid would appear shortly with the tea things, Mrs. Merrytree said in a stage whisper:

"I have something to tell you"

Mrs. Somervell murmured:

"I saw that you were impressed, Arthur."

"Yes, yes; I own up. You are right, Mrs. Merrytree, the girl has—distinction."

The vicar's wife went on, with slight nervousness:

"I'm afraid that I described that book-plate very badly. And you were so interested, colonel, that I thought I would attempt a pencil sketch of it."

"Very sound—very sound!"

"But," she glanced about her almost furtively, "when I looked for the book I couldn't find it."

"She had hidden it," exclaimed the colonel.

"That was my first impression. But, on second thoughts, there seemed a chance that I might be mistaken. Mary, I reflected, might have taken the book to her pantry. I—I could not search the pantry for it."

"Certainly not."

"And I hated to disappoint you."

"Quite. I want to see that book-plate. Show me that book-plate and within a few hours, perhaps sooner, I'll tell you who Mary's father is."

"I thought of all that. And so I—I screwed up my courage after luncheon and said lightly to Mary, as if the matter were of no importance, 'You have a copy of the 'Lyra Innocentium'; will you lend it to me?'"

"A happy thought, Mrs. Merrytree, happily conceived, happily carried out."

"Thank you. I explained to Mary that long ago I owned a copy, had mislaid it, and wished to refresh my memory by glancing at it again."

The colonel replied with enthusiasm:

"I couldn't have managed the matter better myself. She has lent you the book?"

"No. She seemed, I fancied, rather confused, but her manners were perfect. She expressed regret at not being able to oblige me. The little volume, so she added, had been sent away."

"A fib," exclaimed the colonel, "a fib."

"I fear so."

"I don't blame her, not I. She had to fib. She discovered, of course, that the book-plate was compromising. The book is safely locked up in her trunk."

"That is my opinion also."

"If it isn't," continued the colonel, now thoroughly enjoying himself, "if she hasn't fibbed, it makes no difference. Quite possibly she has sent the book to her father. Whether she has hidden it or whether she

has sent it away, we know now the truth. She is endeavouring to hide it."

"Yes."

The colonel laughed gaily.

"I cast curiosity from me, Mrs. Merrytree."

"But it returns, Colonel Somervell."

"I am serious. We don't know who Mary's father is. For my part, I am convinced that she is the daughter of some eccentric peer. I shan't try to discover him."

"You give me my cue, colonel."

"Why? I ask you—why? Because, sooner or later, Mary herself will reveal the little secret. I am interested in Mary."

Mrs. Somervell observed gently:

"Men, even the best of them, are so taken by appearances."

"I am taken with Mary's appearance, admitted the veteran. "And I intend to have a word with her."

"My dear Arthur, you can't have more than a formal word with Mrs. Merrytree's parlour-maid. You have had that already."

But the colonel was a man of resource. He had made his plans, the old campaigner. He said incisively:

"My dear, I am quite sure that Mrs. Merrytree will wish to show you her roses. And you want to see them."

"I do, Arthur."

"Good! I am not vitally interested in roses. After tea I propose to smoke a cigarette. Our hostess will take you to her rose garden. Mary will clear away. I shall engage her in talk."

"Nothing could be simpler," murmured Mrs. Merrytree. "And here she comes!"

### III

A substantial tea was provided by Mrs. Merrytree. The colonel, out of the corner of his eye, watched Mary as she spread the cloth and arranged upon it the tea equipage and the post-war delicacies. The preconceived idea that "race" is indicated by ends rather than by means obsessed the colonel as he commended to himself Mary's hands and feet. More, it was obvious to him that only a young lady of "breeding" could accept so naturally an absurdly subordinate position in the house of a solicitor's daughter. Sure of herself—how much that meant!—Mary carried the badges of a temporary servitude with an "air" deliciously pure and refreshing. He

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had, indeed, a vision of princesses floating out of the mediæval past and bending low their proud heads to wash the feet of vagabond pilgrims!

"She stoops to conquer," he thought.

She had conquered—HIM!

Ariel, whom we may conceive as "stage-managing" the situation, must have been shaken with inextinguishable laughter.

Presently Mrs. Merrytree led Mrs. Somervell into the rose garden. The colonel lighted a small cigar. The final test remained to be applied. If Mary exhibited base-born pruderies and awkwardness when he spoke to her he would have to modify his conclusions.

She approached.

It is likely that Miranda hoped that her Ralph's father would speak to her. If he did she must endeavour to please him. The few words already exchanged had banished preconceived ideas of a stern, uncompromising Roman father. Intuition whispered to the maid that the old soldier was well disposed towards her. He had smiled genially at her. And she was accustomed to the smiles of her father's friends.

In silence she began to clear away.

"This is your first place, so your mistress tells me."

"Yes, sir."

As he spoke she stood gravely at attention.

"And how do you like it?"

"I am very happy here, sir."

"Um! I wish that our maids were happy. They complain that Chorley, where I live, is dull. You—you have an urban look."

This was very clever of the colonel. "Urban" happened to be a word not often found in the vocabulary of parlour-maids. If she stared at him and said "Pardon," he would be disillusioned. To his immense satisfaction she replied quickly:

"Urban? I'm glad you don't say 'suburban.'"

The colonel, so far as this special mission was concerned, might then and there have returned to Chorley House. He nailed to the mast his conviction that "pretty Lady M." might have come from Grosvenor Square, but not, not out of a mare's nest. Had Miranda been older and more experienced she might have divined from his instant change of manner that Ralph's father accepted her as an equal. He laughed, throwing back a handsome head.

"Suburban——! Distinctly *not* suburban. You have no high opinion of Suburbia."

"I hate it," she replied vehemently.

She had already forgotten to add "sir."

Much amused, he said quietly:

"Why?"

She quoted the Sage:

"Suburbs are detestable, because they attempt to fuse town and country. What is best in each is lost. A suburb is a wilderness of shams."

The colonel blinked. Miranda said hastily:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I—I forgot myself."

"Tchah! Go on forgetting yourself. You interest me. I confess that you astonish me. You are a young girl. I didn't expect to find a young girl brimming over with—with—a—theories, cut and dried theories about suburbs."

Miranda brightened again. The smell of the ring—the pulverem Olympicum—assailed her nostrils. Instantly she was transported to the studio, where bearded Bohemians tossed all theories to the winds, laughing at and deriding them.

"My father says: 'God save us from the domination of theories—particularly our own.'"

"Bless my soul! Particularly our own, eh? Your father must be an observer of life."

"He is. Father is far and away the cleverest man I have ever met."

"Is he?"

"Cleverness," continued Miranda, still in the studio, "is ridiculously relative. Father is not at all clever, for instance, about managing his own affairs." The colonel nodded encouragingly. Miranda hesitated but continued: "I ought to have called him wise. He's a sage. He has studied profoundly what he calls 'The Ethics of the Inanimate.'"

The colonel began to let his cigar go out. He stared at Miranda so hard that she blushed and became a parlour-maid. She resumed her duties.

"Hold hard!" Again Miranda stood at attention. "What do you mean by the ethics of the inanimate?"

Miranda immediately presented a draft upon her memory, promptly honoured. She was quoting the Sage verbatim. But how could Colonel Somervell guess that?

"The ethics of the inanimate impose themselves upon the subjective consciousness."

"Do they? I am still fogged."

"A suburb is a case in point. The cheap,



badly-built houses, the gimcrack furniture in them, the shops full of second-rate wares, force themselves upon our notice. We are influenced by what is bad. We come to accept it, perhaps, as good. Father says that he hardly dares to measure the influence of evil exercised by a shop window blazing with cheap trinkets . . ."

The colonel said heartily:

"About that I see eye to eye with your father. I—I should like to meet him."

But he had gone one step too far upon the alluring road. At once Miranda became cautious, recalling the admonitions of Purdie.

"Perhaps you will, sir, some day. Father has buried himself amongst his books."

The colonel's now inflamed imagination beheld a sage in a magnificent library poring over quartos and folios, studying the ethics of the inanimate, lost, hopelessly lost, to any reasonable consideration of the claims of the animate as embodied in a charming and intelligent child. At that moment he felt paternal towards Miranda. He burned to rescue pretty Lady M. Apparently, with all her remarkable qualities, she was unable to rescue herself. He said gallantly:

"I admit that I am interested profoundly in the inanimate. I prefer their ethics."

Miranda replied primly:

"Yes, sir."

She cleared away the tea things and vanished.

#### IV

The colonel, on his way home, tried to repeat, and not too accurately, what had passed between himself and Miranda. The car exacted attention and the surface of the road happened to be bad, another post-war grievance. Nevertheless, he managed to astonish his wife, who agreed mildly that Mrs. Merrytree's parlour-maid was, as her dear boy said, "a wonder."

By the time they reached home, "pretty Lady M." had bloomed and blossomed into a personality. She simply filled the colonel's not too capacious mind. He said with finality:

"We must get her out of that."

"How, my dear Arthur?"

"You leave that to me. I don't hesitate to say that she's a darling—under the thumb, of course, of an eccentric old fool, whom she adores. He must be cracked, this—this student of the inanimate. I suspect latent insanity. Few of our best families are

quite free from that. My great aunt was queer. She couldn't eat strawberries, and, being an old maid as well as an old fool, bred rabbits. She ended, I remember, by looking exactly like a Belgian hare. I return to Mary, the pretty dear. I have ordered the next number of *The Prattler*. We shall get it on Sunday morning. You recall what was hinted?"

"No."

"Really, Bertha, your memory is not what it was. The writer of the paragraph hinted that we should hear more in the next issue. The writer of that paragraph *knows*. Pussy will pop out of her bag. You take that from me. I can mark time. But I am not thinking of myself; I never do; I am simply boiling with indignation that a girl of rank, of beauty, of rare intelligence, a slave to a father's whim, should be sewing buttons on to—" he was about to say "old Merrytree's pantaloons," but, out of consideration to a gentle wife, he substituted the less offensive substantive—"waistcoats."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Somervell pensively, "that the vicar wears waistcoats."

"I can't see her in the pantry," fumed the colonel.

"I am surprised, Arthur, that you didn't follow her there."

"I wanted to do it. I shall dig her out of it. I feel warmly about this, Bertha."

"And you look warm. We are coming to some sharp flints. Please drive more slowly."

The colonel bit his lip but held his tongue. It was always a mistake, he reflected, to praise one woman to another. With this platitude embalmed in his mind he controlled speech till he found himself, after dinner, alone with Purdie and Ralph.

Then he broke out again, almost with virulence:

"I have seen your 'wonder,'" he remarked to his son.

"And, I suppose, you found her a swoose."

"A swoose?"

"Somebody told me the other day that a swoose was a hybrid between a swan and a goose. I think Mrs. Merrytree's parlour-maid is a swan."

"My boy, she *is* a swan. You are perfectly right." He turned to Purdie. "I judge women and horses on their merits. Trot 'em out, and I'll tell you what I think

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of 'em without fear or favour. I expected to find a goose."

We know that this was not strictly true, but the victim of the preconceived idea is as unconscious of it as a child about to furnish board and lodging to the bacillus of influenza.

Purdie twinkled at him.

"What did you find, colonel?"

"Not a mare's nest, Purdie. I have no more doubt in my mind than I have that I am talking to you that the paragraph which has set us all guessing was inspired. The fellow who wrote it *knows*, as I told my wife. But that hasn't influenced my judgment. It—a—couldn't."

"You really found a 'wonder'?"

"There isn't a girl in the Forest to touch her."

"That is superlative praise coming from you, colonel."

"I don't measure my words when I am sure that I am right."

"Perhaps, from a journalist's point of view, that is the moment to do it, but I understand."

"If the girl were a parlour-maid, that would not affect my judgment of her."

"Forgive me—it would."

"I say, sir, it wouldn't. She has charm, intelligence, quick wits, manners. And that being so, does it matter a tinker's curse who her father is?"

"It wouldn't matter to me, colonel, but surely you, with inherited traditions, are influenced in your judgments by your conviction that this 'wonder' is only masquerading as a parlour-maid."

"You touch me on the raw, Purdie; you do indeed. You hint that, merely because I happen to be a member of an old family, I am incapable of independent opinions. To be perfectly honest with you, I am rather grieved to believe that this pretty maid is the daughter of an eccentric peer. I call a spade a spade. I suspect insanity, a dreadful taint. He may be a sage, but 'great wits to madness are allied.' We have Isaiah's word for it."

"Shakespeare, I think, colonel. You are surprising me."

"None of us are proof against surprise. I was shattered by surprise this afternoon."

"Quite. The varying point of view from

angles of the same fact is ever shifting, non-absolute."

"Just so, but you mean——"

"I mean that here we have one fact reasonably established as such—a girl, whoever she may be, of refinement and charm."

"I grant that with all my heart."

"Good! Probably you and I regard her from a different angle. Finding charm and refinement, you presuppose right breeding. I presuppose right environment. I believe that a female child, perfectly healthy physically, taken from some humble cottage in your Forest when she was six months old, and brought up exactly as if she were a duke's daughter, carefully tended, beautifully educated amongst beautiful things, would think, behave and look like a duke's daughter. On the other hand, steal from a ducal cradle the Simon-pure article, pitchfork the infant into a Whitechapel slum, and leave her there, would she differ at twenty from the other Whitechapel damsels?"

"I don't know. You draw me into deep waters, Purdie. We had better stick to the established fact—this nice girl. We must get her out of bondage."

"She wants to escape?"

"I can't say that. She told me she was happy. Another surprise. Why should she be happy?"

"True service makes for happiness."

"By gad! sir, if I were a young fellow I'd soon have her out of the pantry and in front of the altar."

Purdie laughed. Ralph wriggled upon his wide-bottomed Chippendale chair. Purdie's cleverness frightened him. Purdie had the old man "bogged down." Step by step he had lured him into a quagmire. He heard Purdie's derisive tones:

"You don't mean, sir, that if you were a young man, fancy free, and knowing no more about this girl than you have gleaned to-day, you would venture with her as far as the altar?"

The colonel laughed too.

"I have always had the courage of my convictions. I am convinced that Mrs. Merrytree's parlour-maid is the right sort. She bowled me over. I am not ashamed of it. She bowled me over."

"Really; it looks like it," assented Purdie.

(End of Chapter Nine)

# Just Talking

One of the Fine Arts

By

Mona Maxwell

**T**ALKING is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult.”

So declared Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, as everyone knows, was a man of brilliant conversational gifts.

In the “Autocrat of the Breakfast Table” and his two following books, “The Professor” and the “Poet of the Breakfast Table,” he shows how full of charm, genial humour, insight, sympathy, pathos, and sparkling wit “just talking” can be.

Those who are familiar with his writings can imagine the fascination of his conversation. He must have held his hearers under a spell, and yet he encouraged even the most stupid and slow-witted to join in his gay chatter. Talented, versatile, and keenly critical as he appears to have been, one is struck by his large-hearted tolerance, his intense kindness. He takes a friendly interest in even the dullest and most prosaic; and though at times he pokes fun at them it is always in a genial, playful way. Being intuitive and extremely tactful, he never consciously hurt anyone's feelings.

He reveals the secret of his art when he says:

“Talking is like playing on a harp: there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop the vibrations, as in twanging them to bring out their music.”

## **A Game of Wits**

In discussion and argument one must be agile and skilful in the use of words and have a thorough knowledge of one's subject. A broad tolerance and an open mind are also essential, and, above all, calmness.

If these qualities are present in those who are taking part in the discussion, then it can be the most fascinating of games, developing one's power of expression, enlarging one's mental horizon, quickening thought and imagination.

In argument one should follow the opponent's point of view rather than voice one's own opinions.

But how often does it degenerate into a battle of words, each party determined to

force *his* opinion on the other. Sometimes it ends by a futile attempt to shout each other down. The combatants retire from the conflict bruised, but not beaten, often with the hot blood of violent and angry passion surging through their brains!

This seems childish and indeed ridiculous, yet we know that in times past—and not so long ago either—men have been sent to the stake for keeping firmly to their own convictions.

In referring to this universal weakness Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

“What are the faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones I suppose you think. I don't doubt it. But I will tell you what I found spoil more good talks than anything else: long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles on which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain ultimatums of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation.”

Only an individual with vision and tolerance can amicably discuss those subjects on which the majority of mankind have stereotyped ideas. Only the most broadminded can bear to have new light thrown on matters which many imagine have been finally shaped and settled once and for all.

Many of us are afraid of losing our deeply rooted prejudices by talking them over. We hug them to ourselves with a keen tenacity, and we fiercely resent any attempt to free us of these mind-narrowing burdens.

Just as the fresh air and the bright sunshine freshen and purify everything they come in contact with, so all our ideas, opinions, inherited traditions and beliefs, are the better for being subjected to the searching rays of discussion and criticism.

## **Don't Allow Your Mind to Fossilize**

To grow and develop in mind one must constantly change one's point of view. Our opinions to-day are but the stepping-stone to fresher and better ideas to-morrow. As the mind expands it must constantly throw off stale accumulations of thought in the

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process, just as the caterpillar sheds the skin it has outgrown.

Oh, the thousands of people with fossilized minds! To talk with them is a penance. Narrow, petty and trivial, of course, they must be. It has been said of them that "Their thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve."

These individuals seem to keep their fossilized ideas neatly tabulated and arranged in precise little rows in their mind. They can produce any one of these packets at a moment's notice, open the contents, and so prove to you their convictions on any particular subject, and not only their convictions, but what yours, and the world at large, ought to be too. With them a thing is either black or white. They cannot see any gradations of shade in between. The dividing line between right and wrong is clearly marked. They never have any doubts or misgivings. They *know*.

Lucky for them to feel so sure of everything, but unlucky, thrice unlucky, those unfortunates who happen to have any discussion with them.

One cannot but admire the man who is not ashamed to repudiate his opinions of yesterday and adopt another course to-day. Especially if he happens to be occupying some high position, where the eyes of the world are on him. Some may sneer, and accuse him of unworthy motives, but I think this change of ideas or policy points to the fact that the man's mind is growing and developing, and he has the moral courage to act on his fresh convictions, even if they seem absolutely to contradict all his former statements.

### Talking as a Safety Valve

Talking is a safety valve for the pent-up emotions. Those who are in great trouble and anxiety find it the greatest relief to talk the matter over with a friend who understands, someone who can give practical sympathy and wise advice. The tension is at once relaxed.

The pressure of sudden calamity is apt temporarily to unbalance the judgment, hence the great need to unburden one's mind to one who is undisturbed and calm.

Although words are totally inadequate when one longs to express one's deepest sympathy, sometimes the right word spoken at

the right moment will help to soothe and heal in quite a marvellous fashion.

The value of tactful suggestion is very great, especially where the suffering has been caused by one's own weakness or failure. This is the test of real friendship, "To speak the truth in love."

Indiscriminate condolence would be so much easier.

The human need for comfort, admonishment, and advice explains the popularity of the "Confessional."

It is a solace to confess one's faults. But one must be ready to hear a stern criticism on them. How many can bear this?

### The Prosaic Literal One

What a bore he is! And how he puts the damper on, just when some sparkling conversationalist is bearing his hearers away on fancy's wings. The too literal one butts in with his plain and truthful facts—and at once all fall to earth.

He may be well meaning, but he is most irritating. His conversation makes one think of a solidly built square stone house, empty of all but the absolutely necessary articles of furniture, and these made in common deal.

He would mercilessly rob us of all our soaring visions. They have no foundation in fact, he argues, so why encourage them? He reminds one of the way little Johnnie so literally carried out his teacher's directions:

The children were told to write a composition, and after giving a few directions the schoolmistress ended up with, "Now, children, do not attempt any flights of fancy, but just write what is in you."

And the painstaking little Johnnie wrote:

"We are not to attempt any flights of fancy, but just to write what is in us. In me there is half an apple tart, one pork pie, two oranges, one stick of candy, two dough nuts and some slices of bread and jam."

If I may again refer to that most brilliant of conversationalists, Oliver Wendell Holmes, he says:

"Do not make too much of flaws and over-statements. Some persons seem to think that absolute truth, in the form of rigidly stated propositions, is all that conversation admits. This is precisely as if a musician should insist on having perfect chords and simple melodies; no diminished fifths, no flat sevenths, no flourishes on any account. Now it is fair to say that just as music must have all these, so

conversation must have its partial truths. It is in its higher form an artistic product, and admits the ideal element as much as pictures or statues. One man who is too literal can spoil the talk of a whole tableful of men of esprit."

### Egotistic Talkers

We all know them and try to avoid them. The egotistic one may be clever, witty, and possess an admirable flow of language, but the ego dominates everything. It is impossible to get away from it. Every subject comes round to himself, his particular views, his feelings, his special experiences. He may have travelled the world over, but he has learnt nothing, as he has never been able to get out of himself and see things from a disinterested point of view.

In every discussion and argument you will hear his voice above everyone's. He silences others by reason of his determination to be heard at all costs.

Referring to this type Hazlitt, in his "Table Talk," says:

"There are persons who, though not dull and monotonous in their conversation, are excessive egotists. Though they run over a thousand subjects in mere gaiety of heart, their delight still flows from one idea, namely themselves. Open the book on what page you will, there is a frontispiece of themselves staring you in the face."

### Talking Over One's Plans

To discuss one's plans with a friend who thoroughly understands one's character, capabilities and circumstances is certainly most helpful. But it is better never to mention one's plans at all than talk them over indiscriminately with anyone and everyone. This is apt to dissipate one's mental forces.

When one has made up one's mind to start any enterprise the less said about it the better.

To attempt to discuss the matter with those who are incapable of giving intelligent and practical advice is to doom it to failure. Quite apropos is this quotation which I came across the other day:

"Just do things, and don't talk about them. This is the great secret of all enterprises. Talk means discussion—discussion means irritation—irritation means opposition, and opposition means hindrance always, whether you are right or wrong."

### Where Words are Wasted

Constant fault-finding is an absolute waste of words. Many women wear themselves out in this manner. They are striving for perfection, no doubt. But the only person on whom it is possible to experiment successfully is oneself.

The uprising of the one time "slavery" against domestic service is partly owing to this fact. Many mistresses were unpleasable. They were for ever finding fault. Probably their grievances were great. They had much to endure. But they forgot that Mary Jane was very elementary in every way—not far removed from the primitive savage, in fact—though she had had her smattering of education at school.

To lose one's tranquillity of mind because one can write one's name on the piano which Mary Jane swears she dusted seems absurd. The worst of it is that the good and considerate mistresses—and they are many—are now suffering for the unreasonableness of the tyrannical ones.

A splendid cure for all fault-finders would be to acquire the habit of turning the searching rays of criticism on their own shortcomings occasionally instead of on those around them.

### Useless Idle Chatter

It is impossible to calculate the time and energy wasted in useless idle chatter. The mischief done must be enormous.

Have you ever noticed the way monkeys and parrots chatter at the Zoo? Some humans behave in just the same way. They never cease.

When one talks incessantly, without ever giving due time for reflection, then the conversation must become absolutely futile, even if not actually harmful.

So many people talk just for the sake of hearing themselves. Their minds are empty, therefore their conversation degenerates into gossip. Gossip quickly becomes scandal, and so great bitterness and unhappiness follow. Many a home has been broken up, many friends and relations wholly estranged by the deadly effects of idle gossip.

Incessant chatter is enfeebling to the brain. The woman who indulges in it loses all power of concentration. She becomes incapable of intelligent consecutive thought.

There is one thing that gossips do not realize, and that is the certainty with which

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their unkind thoughts rebound on themselves. Prentice Mulford, in writing on this grave fault, says :

"When people come together and in any way talk out their ill-will towards others, they are drawing to themselves with tenfold power an injurious thought current. The thought current so attracted by these chronic complainers, grumblers and scandalmongers will injure their bodies. Because whatever thought is held most in mind is most materialized in body."

### **Angry Words**

Another way in which otherwise intelligent folk waste their words and belittle themselves is by giving way to outbursts of anger.

They know quite well how feeble and futile it is, but they make excuses by saying, "I cannot help it. I was born with it—all my people have tempers!"

Like Mrs. Poyser, they *must* speak out when their blood is up. Never mind what poisoned arrows they let fly.

"'Yes, I know I've done it,' said Mrs. Poyser. 'I've had my say out, and I shall be th'easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i'living if you're to be corked up for ever and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel.'"

It is easy for the angry one to declare afterwards, "Oh, I never mean what I say when I am upset." Yet there is generally enough truth in these bitter words to give them an added sting.

Arnold Bennett, in his most practical talks on "The Human Machine," refers to this weakness :

"Temper, one of the plagues of society, is generally held to be incurable save by the vague process of exercising self-control—a process which seldom has any beneficial results. It is regarded now as small-pox used to be regarded—as a visitation of Providence which must be borne. But I do not hold it to be incurable. . . . I am convinced that it is permanently curable."

### **The Candid Friend**

The candid friend can be much more aggravating than the angry individual, for she tells you home truths about yourself, "solely from a sense of duty." On the whole this seems to be a particularly disagreeable kind of "sense." It never rises to the heights of kindness, of saying a few pleasant things, and as for a little harmless flattery—why, that would be an unheard-of thing!

As a rule the candid one should be avoided. She is of a keenly critical interfering temperament, and is for ever trying to meddle in other people's lives under this cloak of "my sense of duty."

Referring to this annoying candour, Oliver W. Holmes says :

"Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell him."

### **The Power of Silence**

In social life people are afraid to be silent. They imagine that it is a sign of boorish stupidity. Yet there is a silence which is more speaking than words.

It is safe to assert that the individual who cannot at times be silent knows nothing of the art of conversation.

Silence is necessary for mental repose. There can be no originality, no inspiration, no real interest in our conversation unless we often take some time alone to read, to think, and to be silent.

"The true silence is not merely a silent tongue; it is a silent mind. To merely hold one's tongue and yet to carry about a disturbed and rankling mind is no remedy for weakness and no source of power. Silentness, to be powerful, must envelop the whole mind, must permeate every chamber of the heart; it must be the silence of peace. To this broad, deep, abiding silence a man attains only in the measure that he conquers himself."





# Gun Fever

A Child Romance

By

Isabel Cameron

DOUBLEYOU had a bad attack of "gun fever." This is a terrible disease which is liable to attack any little boy from the age of five and onward. He gets the germ when some misguided grown-up presents him with a pop-gun which shoots corks. After decapitating his sister's best doll, breaking the drawing-room window, and (nearly) putting out his own eye, he decides that his weapon is a useless thing, and asks for "piskle." He is by this time feverish and cross. You will get no help in any doctor's book, however; and even if you consult the doctor himself he will probably laugh at you, especially if he has boys of his own, and will recommend a "Daisy air rifle" instead of castor-oil or Gregory's mixture.

Before the war we used to get a pistol for sixpence; now that deadly firearm costs three times that amount (British made, of course, and named the Colt). Doubleyou, being by now in a high fever, managed to raise the necessary amount by that ancient and honoured custom of barter and exchange. It was months afterwards that I discovered one of the articles thus sacrificed was my precious electric torch. Doubleyou, with true delicacy, forbore to mention this at the time. It was not till the dark winter nights had come, and I had made many and fruitless rummages for my light, that he mentioned it casually. He must have made a good deal out of this transaction, for he bought a holster, which he strapped to his person with a business-like belt and buckle. Along with this he wore a cowboy hat, a fierce scowl, and his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, as was the wont of that intrepid hero of *Chums*, Singleton, the searcher of the Sierras!

Caps for this "piskle" were rather a problem. They cost tuppence a box, and a fairly hard-working little boy could go through a box in twenty minutes. W. hired out a bicycle to his friends at a penny a run; if they took a return ticket, as it were, they got it for three-ha'pence. An admirable arrangement! The bicycle was the

property of his sister Elsie, but as that young lady was away at school all day it was impossible to say what were her views on the subject. I happened to hear her expressing her mind on the amazing way her pedals refused to turn round, and the generally dissipated, not to say drunken, appearance of the front handle-bar; but I left W. to make what the newspapers call "a suitable reply."

Our patient was now well in the grip of the fever. I spoke to his father, who, I grieve to say, unblushingly said, "Boys will be boys. You can't expect old heads on young shoulders," and similar tosh. Then I had a bright idea of my own; I would try the "expulsive power of a new affection." In other words, I would try to interest my patient in something else so that he might forget. Mothers are, whiles, foolishly optimistic.

When W. was safe in bed that evening I went to have a talk with him. I refused to see that there was what looked like a malignant tumour beneath W.'s pyjama jacket, and which I knew was his pistol which he took to bed with him (for fear of robbers)! Seating myself on the side of his bed, I began a serious conversation on accidents. The papers were full of dreadful accounts of little boys who quite by accident got unlawful possession of guns. One little boy had killed his dear little baby sister! Wasn't that sad?

W. listened politely, and then stifling a yawn—the incomparable little rascal—he remarked in a meek voice, "The last time you told me that story it was his dear little baby brother he killed. P'haps, though, there were *two* bad boys and two guns?"

I was not sure whether I should laugh at him or give him a slap, which he really deserved, for there was no doubt he was making game of me. Instead, I tried my new cure. I began a long and rapturous account of famous swords, claymores, dirks, bows and arrows, skeandhus and rapiers. There was, for instance, the famous sword of Alan Breck with which he cleared the

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round-house of the *Covenant*. Here is a tale to capture the imagination! W. listened enraptured.

"Was there a lot of blood in the round-house?"

"The place was like a shambles. David couldn't take his breakfast because the floor was——"

"The blood ran to and fro on the round-house floor, and a heavy rain drummed on the roof," quoted W. with dreadful relish. He is not, I trust, a cruel little boy, yet he fairly revels in tales with plenty of blood in them. I tried to hurry him over these unsavoury details and began to quote Alan's song to his sword:

"This is the song of the sword of Alan;  
The smith made it,  
The fire set it;  
Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck."

W.'s eyes were like stars when I had finished. "Hand me down 'Kidnapped,' please," he pleaded, pointing to his untidy bookshelf. "That's it between 'Ivanhoe' and 'Greenmantle.'" You will observe that W. keeps distinguished company in his bedroom.

"I love the place where Alan says, 'Fifteen tarry sailors upon one side and a halfling boy upon the other. O man, it's peetiful!' Could you leave the lamp with me for a little till I read it all over once again?"

Joyfully I agreed. Already I could see the cure beginning to act. I could hear myself boasting to his father of my success; I could see myself writing, with quiet modesty, to the *Lancet* and telling of my discovery of the "Cause and Cure of Gun Fever." Thus pleasantly did my thoughts run as I propped up my patient and left him to enjoy the luxury of reading in bed.

In about half an hour I stole upstairs again. The lamplight showed me W. fast asleep, a book still in his grasp. He had evidently been overpowered even as he read of Alan. I smiled as I tiptoed to his bedside. Then my eyes lighted on the book over which sleep had captured him. It was a gaudy paper-covered catalogue, and bore the magical name of *Gamage*. It was open at the page describing guns, rifles, pistols, "Daisy" airs, and rook rifles. There was a footnote which I could see had been often and lovingly read. It was "A permit from the competent Military Authority in your

district will be required for the purchase of this rifle." . . .



The bulletin of that evening ran: "Patient still feverish."

After this I was prepared for anything, so when W. and his father announced one morning that they were going to town I merely asked what sort of gun they meant to buy, and reminded them of the permit. Instead of crushing W. to the ground, this seemed to raise his spirits, which were already offensively high. "It just gives me the didderums up and down my back to think of the permit," he said with a rapturous little sigh.

"You had better tell your father to bring back plenty of lint and bandages," I said, and then I added gloomily, "They will be needed." The conspirators chuckled as they took their departure.

They were not chuckling when they returned, however. I never saw a more crest-fallen pair. The shopkeeper, a sensible man, had asked W.'s age, and hearing he was only nine he had refused to sell a "Daisy" to such an infant.

There is a proverb which says, "He laughs best who laughs last." I have proved the truth of the wretched old thing. A day or two after there was a terrific peal at the door bell. I rushed to open, expecting to receive at least a cavalry corps. But there was only one soldier at the door, a rifleman, very small, but carrying on his joyous young shoulder a *truly properly* gun! It was W.! He was doing sentry duty in front of the house. He threw me a glance of mingled delight and daring which made me wholly inarticulate.

"I got it from Mr. Hunter," he kindly informed me. "He knew I've wanted a gun since I was young, and so he gave me this one. It belonged to his son who went to France. It's a real, human gun, and will shoot rats, rooks, and even rabbits."

"Welsh ones?" I inquired, recapturing my powers of speech. W. beamed delightedly. "And Scotch ones." He cocked the weapon, and covering me with it, he chuckled, "Sometimes a little deer!" The young rascal!

For the rest of the day the relations between W. and myself were decidedly strained. With elaborate and ostentatious care I showed him where I kept my "first aid" box, and advised him to take a few

bandages upstairs with him in case of accidents.

"Aren't you coming to say good night to me when I'm in bed, Mums?"

"I see you are taking your gun with you," I said crisply, and then my heart misgave me, for my words blotted all the brightness out of the child's face. All the same, I must steel my heart to be stern. Better now than later on.

"I—I haven't any cartridges," he faltered. "I can't hurt anyone then, can I?"

Of course that altered the situation, and I decided to run up and see him when he was in bed. If you choose to think that this was agreeable to my feelings, you may.

"I'll—I'll leave my gun downstairs," W. said generously. "Phaps you or Dad might like to examine it. Look, I'll show you, Mums, how to take the sight. It's perfectly safe even if it were loaded; it couldn't go off, 'cos the trigger is a safety one." I wonder why are boys so crazed over guns? W., feeling himself reinstated in favour, spent a blissful hour showing his parents the workings of this wonder weapon. "To-morrow I must get some paraffin," he said, "and give it a good clean."

After the gift of the rifle I need not say the fever increased alarmingly. W.'s temperature was 104.7 (in the shade). His lucid moments were few and far between. The rest of the time he raved on, the theme of his delirium always the same—the gun. His love for it almost amounted to idolatry. It was never out of his hands whilst he was awake, except the brief hours he spent in the pursuit of learning. It shared his bed; I have known



"It was W.! He was doing sentry duty in front of the house"

Drawn by  
E. S. Hodgson

it to share the inside of his overcoat if, when taking it out for an airing, the weather got damp. He rubbed its outward person with furniture and metal polish; its inside—or should one call it its barrel?—was anointed with vaseline and other gentle emollients.

"Conk says I should clean my rifle with

## THE QUIVER

a piece of soft silk," he announced one day when I found him rummaging in one of my drawers (Conk was the lame boy at Rowanlea).

"Well, you're not to get that silk handkerchief, my son, so you can put it back where you got it. What does Conk know about guns, anyway?"

W. regarded me sternly. There are moments when he longs to shake his mother, I know, and this was one of them.

"Conk's parents 'llowed *him* have a Daisy air rifle when he was only eight," he said witheringly.

"That explains how he's so ill now," I replied cheerfully. "He got a gun far too young."

"Conk's illness was caused by him falling on the ice and ricking his back." W.'s words came so coldly they fairly sparkled with ice. Indeed, for the rest of the day the domestic weather was decidedly frosty.

Perhaps this was the reason. Conk's name was never mentioned by W. I knew the boys spent hours in each other's company, but by mutual consent we avoided all mention of his name, for which I was sorry. However, the ways of young men are sometimes mysterious, and evidently, by laughing at his friend, I had hurt W.'s feelings.

It was rather a surprise, however, to find out one evening when I was tucking up my son in bed that he hadn't the gun beside him. "Where's the rook rifle?" I asked. "I miss its wooden face."

W. grinned bashfully, but was silent. "Is it broken?" In spite of myself my tones were hopeful.

"No, it's not broken," W. replied. "Good night. I'm awfully sleepy."

It was the first time I had ever heard the child admitting that he felt sleepy, and naturally I was alarmed.

"Aren't you well?"

"Not very," in an invalidish voice. "But I'll likely be all right by the morning."

"Perhaps a little Gregory's mixture—" I began.

W. drew the bed clothes over his head and appeared to fall into instant slumber.

Next day there was a decided cloud on

W.'s bright face. I could not find any trace of the gun either. At dinner-time I gave him an old silk handkerchief. "To clean your gun," I said artfully, hoping that he would be surprised into saying where his treasure was. But W. didn't rise to the bait.

"Perhaps Conk prefers a new silk handkerchief?" I inquired. "An experienced person—"

"Don't, Mums!" W. put his head down on the table, and I knew—I knew by the shaking of his shoulders that my son was—well, well!

"What is it, sweetheart?" I asked, putting my arms round the sobbing child.

"It's—Conk. He's terribly ill, an'—an' the doctor says he must go away to the hospital and get something done to his back."

The frost was all gone now, and W. poured out all the tale to me. "I was 'fraid you didn't like Conk, 'cos you laughed about the gun," he explained. "An' Conk is such a decent chap, an' I like him so much, an' he's so plucky that—that I just couldn't *bear* to let anyone laugh or make fun at him."

"W., darling, it was only a joke," I pleaded.

"He just *loves* my gun, and he loves to play with it, an' p'haps he can get cartridges for it, an' so I said to him to keep it for himself."

"What! You actually gave him your gun?" I was amazed, knowing how W. prized it himself.

"He didn't want to take it," W. said loyally, "but I just forced him to, an' I said you said I had gun fever, an' now I am better."

I hugged him close. Words are useless things after all. And even as I held him close thoughts from the Old Book, which is also the New Book, came to me: the matchless friendship of the king's son and the shepherd lad. "And Jonathan gave to David . . . even his sword . . . his bow . . . his girdle." Thank God for the prodigality of love, the glorious young extravagance of it, old as that far-gone civilization, new to-day!



# Holiday Crochet Competition

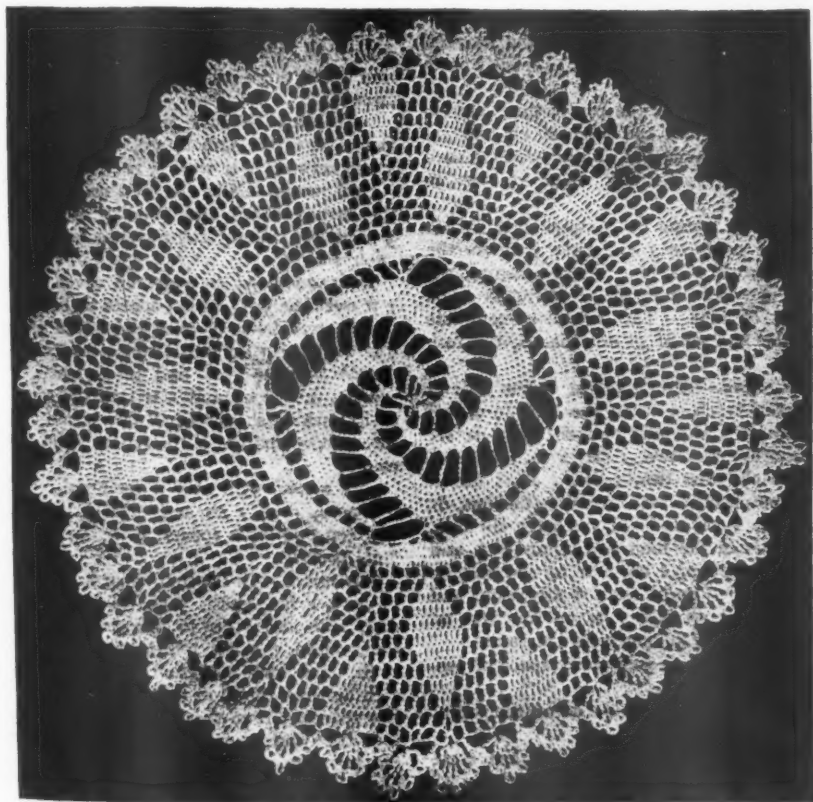
*First Prize, One Guinea*

*Second Prize, 10s. 6d.*

*Open to all Readers*

## RULES FOR COMPETITORS

1. The D'Oyley illustrated here, and for which the instructions are given overleaf, is the one that is to be worked.
2. The Competition is open to all Crochet readers, but each entry must be the actual work of the competitor herself.
3. The D'Oyleys will be returned to the respective owners *if the correct amount of postage is enclosed with entry.*
4. All work should reach this office not later than **September 1**, and should be addressed: "Crochet Competition, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." The results will be announced in the November number of this magazine.
5. The Editor's decision is final.



The D'Oyley that is to be worked for the Competition, and for which the instructions are given

## THE QUIVER

**ABBREVIATIONS:** Ch chain, ss slip-stitch, dc double crochet, tr treble, dtr double treble.

**MATERIALS:** "Peri-Lusta" Crochet, No. 50, and a fine steel hook.

Begin in the middle with a ring of 4 ch.

**1st round.**—7 ch and 1 dc four times into the ring.

**2nd round.**—7 ch and 4 dc four times, the dc being worked into the ch loops of the preceding round.

**3rd round.**—7 ch, 4 dc in the next ch loop, 2 dc on the next dc. Repeat three times. When working dc on dc always take up both loops at the top of the preceding stitch.

**4th round.**—\* 7 ch, 4 dc in the next ch loop, 4 dc on the top of the next four dc; repeat from \* three times.

**5th round.**—\* 7 ch, 4 dc in the next ch loop, 6 dc on the next six dc; repeat from \* three times.

Continue to work the centre thus, always putting 4 ch into the loop of ch and increasing the number of dc that were worked on the dc of preceding round by two in every round.

When the round is completed in which there are 12 dc in a set, make 9 ch for the loops instead of seven. After finishing the round in which there are 24 dc, make 11 ch instead of nine. The wheel is complete after the last set of 28 dc; that is, the 14th round.

**15th round.**—After the last eleven ch and dc, make 11 ch, 1 tr on the first dc of the next set, \* 2 ch, miss two dc and 1 tr six times, 2 ch, miss two, 1 dtr, 2 ch, miss two, 1 dtr, 2 ch, 1 dtr in the same stitch as the last dtr (the last dc of a set), 2 ch, 1 dc in the next ch loop, 3 ch, 1 dc in the loop and again 3 ch and 1 dc in the loop, 2 ch, 1 tr on the first dc of next set. Repeat from \* all round and finish with 2 ch and 1 ss on the first tr. There should be 56 spaces in the round.

**16th round.**—4 dc into every space of preceding round.

**17th and 18th rounds.**—1 dc on the top of every preceding dc.

**19th round.**—3 ch (for one tr), then 2 ch, miss two, 1 tr; repeat from \*, making 78 spaces in all.

**20th round.**—3 ch (for one tr), 2 tr in the first space, \* 2 ch, 1 tr into the next space six times, 2 ch, 3 tr in the next space; re-

peat from \* all round and finish with 1 ss on the first three ch.

**21st round.**—3 ch (for one tr), 2 tr on tr, and 1 tr in the next space, \* 2 ch, 1 tr in the next space, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch and 1 tr in the next space, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr in space, 3 tr on tr and 1 tr in space; repeat from \* and finish with 2 tr and ss in the three ch.

**22nd round.**—3 ch as usual, 3 tr, \* 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, and 1 tr in next space, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, 7 tr (the first and last in spaces); repeat from \*, finishing as usual with 3 tr, to make up the seven, and 1 ss.

**23rd round.**—Like the 22nd round, but with 9 tr.

**24th round.**—Begin with 3 ch and 5 tr, then \* 2 ch, 1 tr in the next space, 2 ch and 1 tr in each of the next two spaces, 2 ch, 1 tr, 2 ch, and 1 tr in the next space, 2 ch and 1 tr three times, 2 ch, 9 tr; repeat from \*.

**25th round.**—Work groups of 9 tr and spaces as in the 24th round, but in the little space between 2 tr work 3 tr.

**26th round.**—Miss the first and last tr of the large groups and make 5 tr over the 3 tr of last round, and 5 spaces between the groups of tr.

**27th round.**—5 tr over the seven tr and 7 tr over the 5 tr, with 5 spaces as before.

**28th round.**—3 tr over the seven tr and 9 tr over the 7 tr, with 5 spaces as usual.

**29th round.**—3 ch and tr as usual, \* 5 spaces, then 2 ch and 1 tr into the same tr as last which should be in the second of the three tr, 5 spaces, 9 tr; repeat from \* all round.

**30th round.**—Ch and tr as usual, then \* 6 spaces, 1 tr, 2 ch and 1 tr in the space between two tr, 6 spaces, 9 tr; repeat from \* all round.

**31st round.**—In the first space between two tr work a fan, thus: 5 ch (to serve as one dtr), 2 ch and 1 dtr in the same space five times more, \* 2 ch, 1 tr in the next space, 2 ch, miss two spaces, 1 fan (6 dtr with 2 ch between them) in the next tr, 2 ch, miss two spaces, 1 tr in the next space, 2 ch, miss four tr, 1 fan, 2 ch, 1 tr in the space after the tr, 2 ch, miss two spaces, 1 fan on the next tr, 2 ch, miss two spaces, 1 tr in the next space, 2 ch, 1 fan in the space between the pair of tr; repeat from \* all round.

**32nd round.**—In every space of the preceding round work 1 dc, 4 ch, and 1 dc.



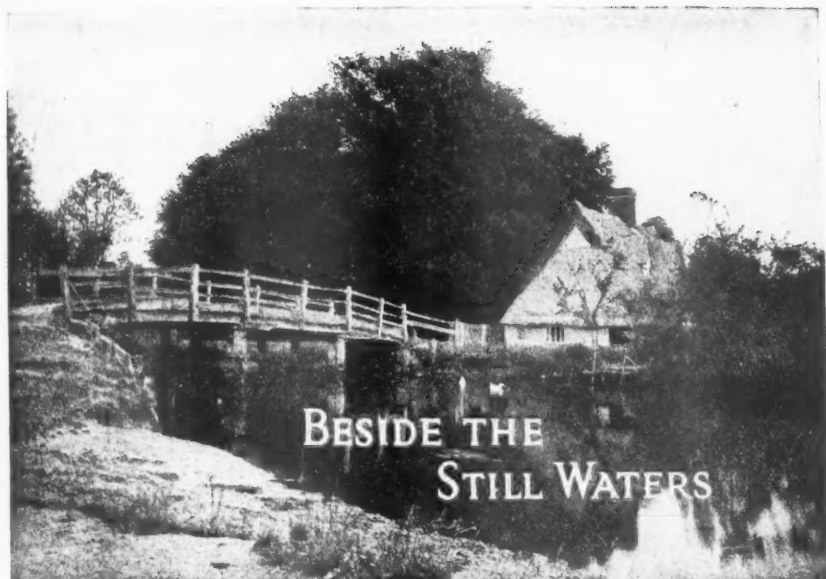


Photo : W. H. Fincham

## **"THY GENTLENESS HATH MADE ME GREAT"**

*By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.*

**H**UMBOLDT once declared that it would comfort him on his death-bed if someone were to read to him a few lines of Homer, were it only from the lists of Greek ships. What he meant, of course, was that beautiful words have a power in themselves beyond their sense. They tend like music to make us quiet, as the madness passed from the mind of Saul under the music of David's harp.

There are two great worlds, two great bodies of facts, on which all our ideas of God rest and support themselves.



### **This Universe of Created Things**

There is, on the one hand, this immense universe of created things—with its oceans, its mountains, its earthquakes and tempests, and its beasts of prey; with its sunrises and its sunsets, its winters, its springs and summers and autumns, its snakes in the grass, its larks in the sky, and so on and so on—

there is the world of created things, inconceivably great, with its unbending and impassive ordinances of life and death. That is one order of facts upon which the human mind arrives at a certain thought concerning God.



### **The Other World**

The other world of facts is the world, infinite likewise, of the human soul, of the human heart. The world of man, of man with his infinite experience as he passes through infancy, and boyhood, and youth, as he rounds the farthest reach and promontory of his powers, and comes back upon himself again; man with his dreams and his disillusionments, with his sins so natural to him and yet so unnatural and repugnant; man with his sorrow and with his unconquerable hope; man, the spirit, invaded by life, now encouraged by the aspect of things, now discouraged, at last overwhelmed by death, against which, neverthe-

## **THE QUIVER**

less, he enters his protest—that is the other world, by the consideration and experience of which man comes to his thoughts about God.

These words, "Thy gentleness hath made me great," give an insight into God which is to be had only by observing the delicate but precious things of the human heart.



### **Knowledge through Human Feeling and Experience**

Now, it is idle for those who are opposed to the Christian view of God to say that that view is necessarily false because it finds analogies and support in the affections of the human heart. If we are ever to know anything about God, it must be in terms of human feeling and experience. Even scientific knowledge rests upon the faith that our sensations, our sense of touch, of sight, of hearing, have authority; that though they are subjective, they do give a correct account of realities beyond themselves. "Humanly speaking," we often say when we are about to propound something about which we are afraid we may not be absolutely right. But really there is no other way of speaking—either about material things or about spiritual things. Man is the measure of all things. The Spirit of a man is the Candle of the Lord.



### **Intuition of the Spirit**

Jesus always took it for granted that by the help of true human feelings and experiences we might apprehend God. The great truth of the Incarnation might be stated in this way: that there is but one Order of Mind in God and Man, that God can be manifested—for He was manifested in our flesh.

Now we may be quite confident that the Revelation which God has given of Himself in Nature, does not finally contradict that Revelation of Himself which He has given to the Spirit of Man. If anywhere they seem to conflict, well, then we must abandon for the time the testimony of the *natural* world and trust absolutely to the intuition of the spirit. It is not to be supposed that God can speak through the obstinate medium of the physical world, as He can speak through the plastic medium, the quivering and resonant surface, of the spirit of man.

### **Man's Character Shown in His Work**

Take an illustration which, it may be, would not hold in all its particulars, but which I think is sound enough so far as I am going to take it.

A man's *work* gives us in every case some approach to the truth about the man. Certainly if he is a true man there will never be present in his work, in his factory, in his business, in his methods, anything which contradicts the man's character. On the contrary, there will always be a thing here and there in his work, in his surroundings—"a sunset touch, a fancy from a flower-bell"—which casts a light upon the man's more intimate character.



### **His More Intimate Self**

For example, you would be right to conclude that a man who presides over huge undertakings and who had to climb to his place and climbed honourably is himself an *able* man. You conclude from the evidence that at any rate he has *power*. But still you are a long way from knowing what kind of man he is. So far, you have no guidance as to his character, as to his thoughts about himself, or towards his fellow men, or towards God. You know him so far only at the circumference of his life, not at the centre. To see him at the centre, perhaps you would need to follow him home. Or you would have to observe him in some very private matter in which a man cannot but show his very soul. But you know a man, you know the essential quality of him in some delicate operation of his spirit, not in the earthquake or in the tempest or in the mighty rushing wind, but in the still small voice, in something, that is to say, which escapes him when he is alone, when he ejaculates, or when he whispers to someone near at hand, or when he whispers to God—that is, when he prays.

So do we know God. We know Him in Nature? Yes, in a kind of way, for here and there the evidence is conflicting. But in His dealings with the Spirit of man we are looking into the heart of things, into the temperament and disposition of God, so far as is possible for us.



### **That which Makes Us Great**

And now a word as to the influence which, it is here claimed, results from the experi-

## BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

ence and sense of God's gentleness, namely, that it makes us great.

There are two aspects of God's gentleness about which, the moment we think of them, we see that they make for greatness. I mean God's forgiveness of our sins, and God's patience with us.

"To have been forgiven"—I know of nothing which makes such an appeal to the half-dead resources and lurking honour of the human soul. For "to be forgiven" where forgiveness is real, means to be believed in, it means that something wrong, which we did, is overlooked, set aside, forgotten by One who believes that there is more in us and we are capable of more than that wrong thing. That was the secret of Christ's power to make men and martyrs even of people who to begin with were a poor and shifty and unpromising set. He forgave them. He kept believing in them. He kept appealing to the better side of them. His gentleness made them great. When at length He left them and they understood everything, they got up every man of them and died for the sake of Him!

Let us on our part not be afraid to forgive. Let us forgive from the heart too, handsomely and without reservation. It is the only way to hold people to the best that is in them.



### The Value of Patience

And then there is that other aspect of God's gentleness—His Patience with us. It is easy to see how this makes us great. Take the case of a child learning some new task, to read, let us say, or to calculate. He tries and fails. He goes to his teacher with his poor little performance. What is the only chance for that child? It is the patience of his teacher. What would be the ruin and destruction of that child, unless other kind and stimulating influences immediately assist? The thing that would ruin,

or at least depress and stupefy, that child would be if his teacher were to lose patience, if the teacher were to bully him, to disparage him, to humiliate him, to crush him. But let the teacher only be gentle—and true gentleness is not weakness, it is strength—let the teacher be gentle. Let him by his tact, by his generosity, help that child to do what at the moment the child cannot do—let him help the child to believe in himself, to believe that he has it in him to overcome such difficulties, and that teacher has in a measure and in those circumstances made that child great.

In the great matters of the soul, in the achievement of personal holiness and fidelity, we are but children, and our teacher is Jesus.



### The Quotation

*The Spirit of man is like a kite, which rises by means of those very forces which seem to oppose its rise; the tie that joins it to the earth, the opposing winds of temptation, and the weight of earth-born affections which it carries with it into the sky.*

COVENTRY PATMORE.



### Prayer

Almighty and Everlasting God, Who at the beginning didst bring light out of darkness, and the dawning of a great purpose from what to ourselves had seemed confusion, turn thine Eyes upon us once again in pity and recover us.

Hearken not to those who speak proudly and as though they were satisfied. But hearken to those who are afraid, or who are ashamed. Remember not against us our boastful words ere life had tried us; but hearken to the prayers and accept the simplicity of their hearts to whom life has disclosed the utter need of Thee. And this we ask in His most blessed Name Who instructed us thus to come to Thee: even Jesus Christ our Lord: Amen.





" 'I say, Gwen,' she said, pointing,  
 'whatever's that?' "—p. 936

*Drawn by  
 Sydney Seymour Lucas*

# The Isle of Mystery

A Story for Young People  
By  
Ethel Talbot

## I

WHEN dad said good-bye to me at Euston I felt quite wretched. It wasn't that I didn't want to go and stay with Chris—she and I are tremendous chums. But I was dreadfully afraid that the Chris of term-time might be altogether different, perhaps, from the Chris she would be at home. "Cresus" was the name we gave her when she first came to Deerbourne, *sub rosa*, of course, for she never knew it.

It was, I think, the first sight of her gold-mounted and gold-fitted dispatch-case that gave us our name for her; then, perhaps, the heaps and heaps of unnecessary frocks and silk stockings and things that she bundled out of her trunk on to the floor of the dorm. while we were unpacking. I will say that Chris bundled them back again too; she is awfully quick at twiggling. She wore one party-dress and one only all the first term, and the gold-mounted dispatch-case was never seen after the start-off. For she buried it in the fastnesses of one of her many trunks and bought a leatherette one at the village shop the very next Saturday—the kind, you know, that is always bursting open when you don't want it to. Yes, Chris quite deserved not to know that she had been nicknamed "Cresus," and I don't think she ever has known it. She's a jolly sport, and she's popular right through the school. Still, all the same, to repeat what I've said before, I couldn't help remembering and dreading the Cresus part of her when I saw the last of Dad's dear old shabby smoke-smelling Norfolks on the platform as the train went off.

It was to the Highlands that she invited me. And all my life along I've wanted to go as far north as that. It was the Western Highlands too, where the islands are; and anything to do with islands is most awfully, awfully fascinating, I always think. "We've only just come." That's what Chris wrote to me. "And our house is an ancient laird's house, or something. But it's to be ours now for some years, because dad's leased it from the owners, and we shall come here every summer. It will be dull this year, dad says, because we haven't been here long enough to get the shooting ready, but *do* come, if you don't mind, just you and me, for we can have some jolly tramps. And I've something to show you too that dad gave me for my last birthday present. It's the queerest present that I've ever had, but

I'm not going to say any more about it till you see it for yourself."

Well, I went. You'll know that already by the opening sentence of this story. *What* travelling! First a night journey, and then a day journey tacked on at the end of it. I enjoyed the first part of it and hated the end of it, and I was feeling sick and sleepy and shabby and stupid when I was finally bundled out on to a tiny little platform and found Chris waiting for me dressed in Harris tweeds that smelt of heath.

"Hallo!" she shouted. "Glad to see you! You're just in time for lunch!" She seized my arm and dragged me to a waiting car, throwing smiling orders among the two porters whose only interest in life seemed to be to stare at us.

Such stares too! Slow, long, ruminative, blue-eyed, almost frightened stares. "Don't they like us?" I asked Chris.

"To tell the truth I don't think they do very much," laughed she as we scrambled into the car. "But—Highland folk, like Highland cattle, so dad says, seem much more forbidding than they really feel! All the same, we *are* Southerners, dad and me. And we *have* leased Ardentilly House. And though nobody has lived in it for years, yet a whole kilted family did live in it once upon a while. And so I suppose it *is* our intrusion that they're feeling."

"Funny!" I said. For the expressions on the faces of the porters had been not exactly unfriendly, but rather awed. A sort of what-will-happen-next? look that I've rarely seen before. I was still thinking of that look when Chris spoke again.

"And, of course, there's the island," she said, "with its mysteries!"

"The island?" I repeated.

"Oh, bother, I didn't mean to tell you yet. I meant you to guess. That's the present I told you about. Dad's birthday gift to me!"

"An island for a birthday present! I certainly *shouldn't* have guessed it, not in fifty. Chris, how perfectly glorious. Where did he find it for you? Is it a magic island that's leaped up out of the sea?"

"No, it's not. You can buy islands, you know, sometimes." Chris was speaking quite soberly. "But—well, it's rather funny that you should speak of magic. For it seems that there *is* something queer about it, though we certainly never *thought* we'd bought an 'isle of mystery.' But what the mystery is we don't

## THE QUIVER

know. Dad says he'd have kept the two hundred pounds in his pocket if he'd guessed about the excitement his buying it has caused all round. For it has! Still, we've practically finished all the business part of the thing now, and there is no going back. Besides, I don't want to part with it. I rather like having an island of my own, especially a magic-sounding one!"

"Chris! Whatever made your father buy it?"

"Well, it was a bit freakish, perhaps, for it is of no earthly good. But it happened this way. Last week dad suddenly had an offer from the lawyers of the estate offering the island for two hundred pounds. It seemed a pity, so dad said, not to have it, as if *we* didn't somebody else might nip in. And we'd rather be our own neighbours than have neighbours that we hadn't chosen, if you see what I mean. So I suggested that I should have it as a kind of extra birthday present. My birthday was last term. So it was arranged."

"Oh!" said I, trying to digest this Cæsus-like birthday talk. "Well?"

"Well, that's all. We never thought much about it again till one day last week. Then dad thought we'd run over and see it. But when he sent for one of the gillies to get a boat ready, the man wouldn't budge. Nothing would make him go near the island, so he said. *Nothing!* That there was a curse on it, or some such gibberish. But the talk was mostly in Gaelic, though dad culled a word here and there and made a certain amount of sense out of the meaning."

"Well? So you couldn't go," I sighed.

"Oh! We went. Dad took me over himself, of course. It's a queer little spot. Awfully secluded and lonely and Crusoe-ish. We hadn't much time; we just skirted round the coast, landed for a moment to 'test the magic,' as dad said, and it didn't seem to do us any harm. Anyway, we got back safe, but the faces of the servants when we arrived at Ardentilly were really ridiculous. And the news had flown round the village evidently. Every man, woman or child whom I've met since has turned the same look in my direction. A kind of horrified, half-wondering awe, you know."

"Yes," I said. Now I quite understood the expression on the faces of the Highland porters.

"It's awfully quaint," Chris laughed. "But they'll get used to the idea, no doubt, after a bit, when they've seen us coming to and fro and still remaining free of cloven hoofs and horns, or whatever it is that black magic adorns you with. I'd really like to know what the people do think would happen if they went, and some day I think I'll ask old Mistress MacAlastair. There she is, and here's the lodge. We're in the drive up to Ardentilly House now." The car swerved as she spoke, we passed through two big gates, and I had a

vision of an apple-faced old woman peering after us from the doorway of a cottage. We had arrived.

It was a jolly old house, long and low and grey. The walls looked as thick as the walls of a fortress, but that was on account of "the cauld, cauld blasts," as Chris said. "No, my dear Goose," she went on, leading me up to my bedroom (where, by the way, a wood fire was roaring although it was the month of July!); "no, there isn't even the tail-tip of a ghost, nor a hidden chamber, nor even a secret keyhole in this house. You'll have to make do with the island for mysteries. The 'lairds' were just well-to-do farmers who'd have been here to this day only the land got worse and worse and the sons went abroad, and finally the family couldn't keep up the place and sold parts of it to the railway company. There's only the house and the grounds and the island left now. The island wouldn't sell, I fancy. Dad's done all business through lawyers, but there's one of the family left, anyway, I believe—a professor or a minister or something with a long expensive family that needs more boots than he can afford to pay for. Anyhow, he's poor, and he let us the house on lease to pay off some old family debts. He didn't even mention the island at first, but that suggestion came later."

"Funny to let the house and sell the island," I said.

"Yes; I don't know why. He certainly didn't want to sell the house."

I'd been listening awfully interestedly. And I was thinking too. I was simply aching to see the island. But even in my excitement about that I hadn't forgotten my shyness about the grandeur that there would be sure to be everywhere, and I was tremendously relieved to discover that Chris and I were to be entirely alone at lunch, waited on only by a Highland servant who banged the things about in the most comforting and reassuring manner. "Dad's away, I forgot to tell you," said Chris, looking up from a plate of Scotch broth. Then, as the maid changed the plates: "I say, Gwen," she went on, "are you dead-sleepy after your journey, or what do you say to going over to have a squint at the island this very afternoon?"

It had been, of course, just exactly what I'd wanted, though I didn't say so. "We'd go off," said Chris, "without mentioning it to the servants, or they'd see spooks till we came back. If we take a tea-basket and come home in time for dinner we ought to get a good squint round."

Nothing could have been more absolutely ripping, as I said. Only—who was to take us? I can manage a pair of oars as a general rule, though Chris can't. But I'd been ordered off sculling that year owing to a wrist-smash at hockey. Besides, to get to the island must be something of a pull, by all accounts. "And I thought you said that none of the gillies—or



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whatever you call them—would take you,” I said.

“Nor they will. No, they won’t go,” said Chris. “But I’ve made my plans.”

We were half-way down the drive before she explained them. There was a “laddie,” she said, who was apparently the grandson of Mrs. MacAlastair of the lodge, and who, in spite of his Highland strain, had yet apparently fallen slave to the charms of his Sassenach mistress. “He’s what they call a sort of ‘natural,’ I think,” explained Chris. “But he’s most awfully useful. Helps in the garden, and he’ll do anything for me. If anyone will take us over, Rab will. And I shall tell him not to let on to the rest of the servants that he’s taken us over, or we shall have them serving us at dinner like tragic muses; and the piper—yes, we have a piper at dinner-time to play for us—will play laments instead of reels. And we haven’t got daddy at home to fix them with his glittering eye if they become too superstitious. Now, where’s Rab?”

Rab was far to seek. But at last we ran him to earth down by the loch-side. But even he—though evidently a slave to Chris—refused point-blank to do as she asked him.

“Yon isle! Na, na. Sure, I couldna do ut!” he replied.

“But, Rab, it’s just to take us over.”

“Na, na. I couldna do that!”

“Why not, then?” finally stamped Chris. “Haven’t you ever been?”

A perfect stream of talk came out in reply. But between us we managed to piece bits together, and we gathered that his granny had been there lang syne, but not Rab himself, and neffer, neffer would he set foot there. A “blasted isle,” so it was. “Under a currrse it lay!” He rolled his r’s marvellously. So it had been since the days of his gran’fer. “And the old lairds had known that same—yes, fine they had. A blasted isle!”

My blood felt quite cold.

But Chris warmed to the argument. “I’ll tell you what, Rab,” she said. “Would you just row us round the island? Just as an obligement. And I’ll not forget you when we come home.”

There was a pause, a long pause. But evidently Highland garden-boys understand the promise of a tip. “Ye’ll no be making me land on yon?” he said. “An’ ye’ll no tell ma granny that I went nigh yon blasted isle? An’—” Hurriedly agreeing with all his suggestions, and anxious to get his services at any price, we tumbled into the boat without delay and had Rab off and away with us before he could draw back from his word.

If ever a lad looked sulky it was that Rab! He spoiled all the pleasure of the trip across the lovely shiny blue loch in the clear air. “Just roun’ the coast for a wee,” he kept muttering, and then, “There’s yon!” he muttered suddenly as the “blasted isle” came in view. Long and low it looked, quite the least

magical in appearance of the islands lying round. After all my expectations I was rather taken aback. “Yon’s the isle,” repeated Rab, resting on his oars and pointing over his shoulders without daring to look in the dreaded direction. “Bare and blasted and cursed, so it be. No weed shall grow there—ay, no blade. ’T’s the de’il himself set a fut there, so they say. And no herb will grow.” His voice sounded like some dreadful dirge. Then he broke off and changed his tone. “Wull I be turning the noo, Miss Chris?”

“No, thank you, Rab.” There was a blend of mystery and excitement in Chris’s voice. “Take us right to the coast, please. And my friend and I will land for a little while.”

I didn’t expect Rab to obey her, but he did. But his face was white and his features were working. He rowed perhaps more swiftly than he’d rowed before, but his strokes were almost jerky. We swung along up the coast of the little island and into a little backwater place. We were there, but Rab spoke no word. He did not offer to help us to step out on to the stony shore; he sat still and glowered at us. Then, as before his very eyes we stood on the sod of the “blasted isle,” he at last gave a sort of inarticulate shout and—round went the boat. He was off, rowing away as fast as he could go!

### II

**B**UT all the same, somehow, it was a good while before we put two and two together and realized that Rab wasn’t coming back.

For everything was so wildly exciting, of course, at first. We hadn’t a thought to spare for Rab, and just thought of what we were going to see on the island itself. “How big is it? Where shall we go first?” I found myself saying in a kind of whisper to Chris. And she, also without knowing it, answered me in a whisper too, as the last plash of the oars died away.

“I don’t know,” she said. “An acre or two altogether, I think. But I’ve never crossed it. Dad and I just stood here on the shore for a tiny time.”

“Let’s try and find the magic part,” I said.

“Let’s,” said Chris. And we struck off across the island.

It was the loneliest place. All round about where we had landed there was scrubby heath growing. There were bushes too, but the ground was rocky. The land was evidently not worth much. If all the island were like this, so I thought, it couldn’t be of much use to its owners. It couldn’t be ploughed up nor used as pasture. But then the soil of many of the Highland isles is pretty poor, as dad had told me, and that was partly why the population is so small, he had said, for many of the young men go to the mainland and leave the crofts that they may earn better money elsewhere. All these thoughts came racing into my head as

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we walked across Chris's birthday-present island; and they came partly, I think, because I was trying to fight against a kind of mysterious uncanny feeling which was growing stronger every minute.

For the look on Rab's face, the torrent of words that had poured out of his lips, the terrified cry that he had given as he rowed away, had all somehow changed the feeling of excitement that I'd had about the island's mystery into a feeling of semi-funk. There must be something rather queer about this island, so I thought, if all the villagers felt so strongly, and here were Chris and I quite alone on it! And I wondered if Chris were feeling the same, or if it was a night journey and day journey one after the other, and then this experience on the top of them both, that had made me feel sort of fey. I didn't say one word as we strode along, and in a queer kind of way it was almost a relief when Chris suddenly spoke with just the kind of awe in her voice that I was feeling down in my heart.

"I say, Gwen," she said, pointing, "what-ever's that?"

"What?" I said. And then we both quickened our steps a moment. And then we both stood still.

For just beyond us, over the ridge of heathy ground, we suddenly came to a great bare expanse of soil. Nothing was growing there, simply nothing; and it seemed to stretch and stretch before our eyes almost as far as we could see. There must have been nearly half an acre of flat, absolutely bare ground. "Oh! Chris," I shuddered. "This is what Rab meant. This is where 'the De'il put his fut!'"

"It must be," said Chris in a sort of queer voice. And we both wheeled round, right about face. "I think we'll go back, shall we?" said Chris. "When dad comes home we'll get him to row us over here again."

It was soon after that that we realized that we couldn't get back if we wanted to. There was no sign of Rab. There was no Rab. Whistling, coo-eeing, shouting—though we kept it up for an hour or more, there was no sound nor sight of the gardener-boy. All round us lay the beautiful blue waters of the shiny loch; other lonely little islets were dotted about not so very far off; we could see the mainland in the distance, even the grey gleam of Ardentilly House between the trees with the great hills behind. But here we were, on the "blasted isle," and nobody knew we were here except Rab, the half-witted boy, who evidently was too frightened to return for us.

"And I told him not to say he had brought us over," said Chris at last. "And he didn't want to tell either, so he probably won't. Of course, perhaps he'll come back, but—" Then she turned and looked at me. "Gwen, I'm most awfully, awfully sorry to have got you into this pickle," said Chris. "Let's have tea."

And we sat down, with our backs to the "blasted" part of the island and our faces staring out to sea, and opened the tea-basket and took out the Thermos.

I shan't easily forget the hours that went by after that. We had to keep a look out for Rab, of course, just in case he should return. And that meant we couldn't do very much exploring. Not that we were feeling inclined to look out for mysteries any longer. There was such an eerie, uncanny, deathly still atmosphere about the mysteriously bare patch we *had* found that we were inclined to leave any other possible mysteries alone. But we were beginning to realize that there were other things it might be necessary to explore for besides magic. It seemed possible, it seemed very likely, that we might have to spend a considerable while on the island. And, if so, we should have to look out for the island's possibilities so far as food, water and shelter were concerned.

We took shore-watch turn about. Chris went inland first on a journey of discovery, while I kept a look out for Rab. Then when she returned after about half an hour we exchanged positions, and so the hours went on. "He won't come now," said Chris at last when her watch pointed to eight. "I'm perfectly sure that if he'd been coming he'd have turned up by daylight. No; he's 'frightened,' poor softie; so we'd better be prepared, as the scouts say!"

"Where shall we sleep?" I said.

For though neither of us had put the fact into words yet, we knew that it would probably come to that. It was certain that there would be much dismay up at Ardentilly, but it was equally probable that Rab wouldn't let on, for very terror, where we were. To-morrow—Well, we somehow didn't feel able to cope with to-morrow. I, for one, felt only able to live by the hour. "Where shall we sleep?" I said.

"I've thought of that," Chris is awfully cute. "I went round first—in the *other* direction (I knew what she meant). But it is altogether exposed there, Gwen, and nights are cold up here even in July. So then—well, I went round—the *other* way, you know. And there's a cosy kind of hollowed-out ridge under a bank. Not far from—the place where nothing grows. We could be warm there, if you didn't mind."

I nodded, but my teeth felt chattery. I somehow couldn't feel anything but funkish at the idea of sleeping so near to that big bare expanse "where the De'il had put his fut!" "I wouldn't mind sitting up all night on the shore," I said. "Perhaps if we lit a fire?"

"That's the rub. There's no matches. If we were scouts we'd have dodges up our sleeves, no doubt. But the sun's gone down, and the night's coming on, and it's really chilly. Gwen, there can be absolutely nothing black-magicky really about that place. How could there be! It's just silly superstition."

## THE ISLE OF MYSTERY

village talk. And the wisest, most sensible thing we can do is to lie down and bundle ourselves round with heath and bracken in that little hollow. We'd keep snug that way till morning. And then—well, we can make plans for the day."

"Righto!" I said.

But it wasn't till we'd really settled down that I began to feel utterly, utterly funkish. I'm ashamed of it now; but what with the long journey and then this on the top of it, I suppose my pluck deserted me. We were quite jolly together, picking great armfuls of bracken and lining the little hollow under the ridge which Chris had found. It was really a dinky little place if it hadn't been—just where it was! We kept jolly too while we were heaping bracken on the top of each other and snuggling down like hibernating bunnies. But *then* came the time!

I *couldn't* go to sleep. The moon came up and my spirits went down. I lay and listened, and heard strange faint out-of-door midnight sounds which I'd never heard before. The great bare stretch of ground so close to us did the rest, I think. It seemed so still, so eerie, so—terrifying. Chris fell asleep in snatches quite close to me. I could hear her breathing, but while I lay trying to keep still I couldn't keep my eyes off the moonlit spot "where the De'il had put his fut!" "No grass will grow," I still seemed to hear Rab saying in his dirge-like chant with its rolling r's. "No blade. 'Tis a blasted place, so it is." And I was still hearing it when I fell into a kind of horrid doze myself.

I don't know how long I slept. Perhaps two minutes, or perhaps twenty. But when I did waken it was with a most awful leap and shock. For the moon was shining down very brightly, and I seemed to see eyes looking up through the bare patch of ground; several of them, shining and glittering. I was half-asleep, of course, and I hardly knew what I was seeing or saying. "Chris!" I shrieked, "the De'il's staring up at us out of the ground!"

Oh, I was ashamed of myself afterwards—at once. For I'd been more than half dreaming.

"Awfully sorry," I muttered to Chris, who was



"He at last gave a sort of inarticulate shout and—round went the boat!"—p. 935

Drawn  
by  
Sydney Seymour Lucas

now thoroughly awake, as you can imagine; "but the fact is that I seemed to see a sort of *glittering*. And in my dream I imagined it was *eyes*! Just over there, Chris. It was the moon, of course."

"But there *is* something glittering," said Chris. "You silly kid, don't shake so. It's not 'eyes,' anyway, though. You can roll them off your mind. It's a Highland glow-worm, perhaps! I'll go and see."

I went too. But it wasn't courage. Chris had all of that. I was so stupidly funkish that I couldn't be left alone. Together we crawled out of our bracken bed and went to the edge of the great bare expanse of ground lying bleak and cold and sinister against the night sky. "Here it is," said Chris with a sort of

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relief in her voice. "It was easy enough to track. And now you can go to sleep again, I should jolly well hope, for it's nothing more than a common or garden kind of stone with a glitter to it!"

"And the other 'eyes' were stones, too, I suppose," I said, feeling most awfully ashamed. And back we went to the ferny hollow again, and were asleep—both of us this time—in less than half an hour.

Things *do* feel different by daylight! It was glorious waking up in the morning on that Highland islet. As I lay waiting for Chris to waken too, with the bright blue above and the clear mountain air all round, I somehow didn't care one straw about the "De'il's foot" or his "eyes" or anything else. I was altogether ashamed of my night terrors, and even the pretty poor prospects for the day couldn't terrify me. It was so quiet, so still, so beautiful, so heavenly somehow, even though the great bare patch of ground lay just as drear and sinister-looking as ever just below our ridge.

But Chris was more practical when she woke. "Gwen," she said, "we'll probably be fetched to-day, at least I'm sure I hope so. But you can't tell, with dad away, what will happen. We've got enough food left in the tea-basket to keep us from starving before noon, anyway; but we've simply got to find fresh water, just in case—" She broke off. "I believe dad said," she went on, "that on the other side of the shore—" And we were off on the quest of a water-spring almost before we were washed.

And it was while we were searching that we came upon the *man*. "Hallo!" he said.

He was tall and thin and shabby, with rather deep eyes and a scholar's stoop, although he certainly wasn't old. He stared at us, and we stared at him. "However did you come here?" he asked in a voice with jolly rolling Scottish r's.

"Come to that—how did *you*?" inquired Chris, hiding her amazement. "It's *my* island."

The minute she'd blurted it out she guessed who *he* was by the look on his face. So did I. He took a step back, almost as though someone had hit him out a sudden blow. He looked surprised, almost surprised and affronted, then hurt, sorry, and finally apologetic. "I beg your pardon," he said, and gave a little sigh. "Yes, I knew the arrangement was on foot, but I didn't realize that I was a trespasser—already. You see, it used to be *my* island."

Was this the "professor with the long family in need of boots"? If so, he was different from what I had imagined him. That he had loved his island one could see by that look on his face when he discovered it was his no more. "You are—Miss Bartlett, I presume? Are you, if I may ask, camping here from Ardentilly?" he asked.

Out came the story then. Chris was angry with herself for speaking of it as "*her*" island, after she had seen his look. There was a sort of feeling in her mind that she'd somehow, unwittingly, hit a fellow when he was down, and in her charmingest way she tried to make amends. "No; we came over to look at it. But the boy who brought us was frightened, and rowed away and left us," smiled Chris. "And we've been here all night." The villagers seem to think the island eerie. It must be on account of that great bare patch of ground. Have you just come over? For if you have a boat we should so *very* much like to get back to Ardentilly as soon as possible."

"Here all night? I have camped here myself, as a boy. But it must be different for young ladies. No, there's nothing to fear; these legends spring up. And the bare patch has always been there for generations. Yes, I came over this morning, and I am due back to my steamer by ten o'clock. Knowing this coast as I have done, I chartered a small boat early this morning at Killip Pier and came down for a—last look. I would, of course, willingly row you back to Ardentilly if I could. But perhaps you would accompany me to Killip instead, and take a boat from the pier there. I cannot be late back, on account of the steamer's times for sailing. And my daughter is travelling with me. You see, we are taking a steamer trip round the Western Isles—for her health."

"Oh, I see." The story seemed rather vague. But we were both so thankful to have left the island behind, for a while at least, that we did not trouble ourselves about our deliverer's holiday arrangements. We listened instead to his stories of the island. "Yes, it is a place with a strange atmosphere of its own. As though it is hiding—" He broke off. "I could not have parted with it unless—" Here he broke off again. "I had been there for an hour or so before I saw you," he said. "I have promised my little daughter—" He broke off again in the same strange disjointed way, and hardly spoke again.

We said good-bye to him at Killip Pier. There he just caught his steamer, and we chartered a boatman, without any difficulty at all, and were back at Ardentilly by lunch-time.

But it was *then* that we received the scolding that I suppose we deserved. From Chris's father it was. He had been wired for from Edinburgh by one of the frantic maids, as we might have guessed that he would be. And he had hurried up by the night train. He had only been in the house for ten minutes, but he had already sacked Rab, who had tremblingly confessed, and was just off himself to the island to fetch us.

"But, daddy, I *told* Rab not to tell. *Un-sack* him, please!"

"I will do no such thing." Major Bartlett's tone was icy. I began to discover that fathers

## THE ISLE OF MYSTERY

who give islands as birthday presents mightn't always be so indulgent as they seemed. Chris might hold high a dignified head, but princess-airs were of no use at all. "Dad, don't be so magisterial and unkind," she begged at last. "We've had an awful night. Look at Gwen here; she had no sleep for the De'il's eyes!"

"De'il's fiddle-sticks! I've no pity for either of you. You yourself, Chris, shouldn't have led her into such a scrape."

"Well, here *is* the eye, anyway!" persisted Chris, handing over the glittering stone. "And if the laird hadn't taken pity on us—"

"I am exceedingly grateful to him," Major Bartlett took the stone, but spared no interest for the "De'il's eye." He went on speaking without glancing at it. "It's a strange case, his sale of the island. I was with the lawyer yesterday, and I was telling him that before I signed the papers I'd better tell him that I wasn't sure that the place was worth what was being asked for it. It was then that he told me that the owner, this Professor Angus, was only parting with it under extremity. His only daughter—quite a child—is taken ill. A particularly sad case of lung trouble. Money badly needed to save her. Davos, I suggested, but the lawyer didn't seem to think that the family could bear expense. So you saw him? Yes, I understood he had taken the child on one of these cheap trips round the islands." Major Bartlett picked up the stone, glanced at it in an unseeing way, and then lifted it up suddenly again and stared at it intently. "Where did you get this, Chris?" he asked suddenly and sharply.

"Daddy, on that great bare piece of the island. I've told you. 'Where no blade grows,' like Rab said." But Chris's tone was low. She had almost forgotten the island and its mysteries. She—and I as well—were remembering the look in the professor's eyes as he had looked at his island for the last time, and as he had spoken to us of his daughter. "It's—just a glittering stone," said Chris rather wearily. "What does it matter? Oh, dad, couldn't we do something for the poor child? Couldn't we pay *more* than two hundred pounds for that island?"

But I hardly heard her, really, for I was watching Major Bartlett's face. There was something in that stone which interested him tremendously; there was no doubt of that. He lifted it and weighed it in his hand. Then he looked up and spoke again. "On a *bare* piece of ground, you say. Oh, yes, I've heard the legend of the 'blasted ground' from the lawyer. Just a villager's tale, he said. But, Chris, was this stone *there*?"

"Yes, dad."

"And there were more of them," I ventured, "I think. For in the night, under the

moonlight, I saw the ground glitter in several places."

"Well!" said Major Bartlett. He seemed to forget us. He was excited in a deep-down, queer way. There was no doubt of that. "If this is true—what I'm beginning to guess," he said slowly, "the situation is changed—entirely. Why, this is undoubtedly copper ore. Can't be anything else! And"—he spoke deliberately—"if there's more of it on that bare patch—why, that goes to prove that the soil must be rich in copper salts, and if so—" He seemed to be weighing his thoughts as he uttered them.

"But, dad, copper salts—who *wants* them? Why on earth—"

"My dear, if you'd had the experience which I've had you'd know that any soil rich in copper salts can produce no vegetation of any kind. Certainly the existence of copper in the soil of the Highlands is not suspected, but if it were proved that there are rich lodes of copper on that island—" He broke off. "Of course, scientific investigation would be necessary, but the peculiar barrenness of the soil leads me to imagine—"

"Then—that would solve the 'De'il's fut' story," Chris broke in.

"And more. The financial straits of the Anguses, also, my dear, if the island were still in their hands. But—it belongs to *you*!"

"Dad, I won't have it. I'll give it back. D'you mean to say that if there's a copper mine there, or something, that they could make tons of money out of it and save that kiddie's life? Dad, if the island's mine I'm not going to keep it. Wangle it back to them!"

"My dear, there's more to it than that. The poor chap Angus hasn't the cash to spare. I suspect, even to test the copper lodes, not even if it were his. The expense would be great, even though the prospects are stupendous. We might form a syndicate— Yes, Chris, my dear, I see your plan. The child shall benefit!" For Chris was sobbing—partly on account of the night out, and also because of all the adventures, one on the top of another; but mostly, I think, at the idea of the little child.



That's two years ago now. Chris and I were in the Fourths then. We're both in the Lower Sixth now, and Penelope Angus is at Deerbourn, too, down in the Third, and as healthy a kid as any one of the rest of us, after two winters in the South. And her father has given up professing, and he's something or other very high up in Chris's father's syndicate, and though the island still belongs to Chris, yet the Anguses are able to live up at Ardentilly again now. And—well, that's all, except that I'm going up there again this summer for most of the hols.



# *From the Kitchen to a Crown*      *The Love Romance of an Emperor* By W. Greenwood

• No. 5 of "The World's Most Beautiful Love Stories"

EUROPE has probably never had a Sovereign more complex than Peter I of Russia, one of the greatest soldiers of his day, whose destructive sword swept Europe from Sweden to the Dardanelles. Statesman and semi-savage, King and buffoon—one hour the Emperor, the incarnation of dignity; the next, carousing with common soldiers, or gloating over the sufferings of the victims of knout and strappado—he was the strangest jumble of contradictions who has ever worn the Imperial purple.

"He chose his friends," we are told, "among the common herd, looked after his household like any shopkeeper, and sought his pleasure where the lower populace generally finds it." It was thus fitting that he should make an Empress of a laundry-maid, who had no beauty to commend her to his favour, and whose attraction in his eyes was probably that she had a clever tongue, youth and robust health, with un-failing good spirits and amiability—a combination which might well appeal to a man so sated and of such a gloomy temperament as Peter the Great.

When Martha Skovronski, daughter of a peasant father and a serf mother, first opened her eyes in a hovel in a small Livonian village in the year 1685, she seemed as far removed from greatness as from Mars; and she considered herself a fortunate girl when, one day in 1702, she found herself installed as maid-of-all-work in the house of the Lutheran pastor of Marienburg, to scrub his floors, act as nurse to his children and wait on his resident pupils.

It was not long, however, before Martha found herself surrounded by the perils and horrors of war, with Russian hosts besieging Marienburg; and the climax came when the commandant, unable to defend the town any longer against such overwhelming odds, announced his intention to blow up the fortress, and warned the inhabitants to leave the town.

Between the alternatives of death within the walls and the enemy without, Pastor Glück chose the latter, and sallying forth with his family and maid-servant threw himself on the mercy of the Russians, who promptly packed him off to Moscow, a prisoner. As for Martha, she was left behind, a by no means reluctant hostage.

Peter's soldiers, now that victory was assured, were holding revel. They received the new prisoner with open arms, and almost before she had wiped the tears from her eyes, she was dancing gaily to the music of fiddles with the arm of a soldier round her waist. Suddenly a fearful explosion overthrew the dancers, cut the music short, and left the servant-maid fainting with terror in the arms of a dragoon.

Such was the dramatic manner in which the maid-of-all-work danced her way into history, little dreaming to what dizzy heights her nimble feet were to carry her.

For a time we find Martha sharing the life and work of the camp, a popular figure with the soldiers, to whom her merry face and her good nature appealed strongly. Next we see her transported as laundry-maid to the household of Menshikoff, the Tsar's chief favourite, and it was while playing this humble rôle that a dramatic experience came to revolutionize her life.

One day the Tsar, calling on his favourite, was astonished to see the cleanliness of his surroundings and his person. "How do you contrive," he asked, "to have your house so well kept, and to wear such fresh and dainty linen?" Menshikoff's answer was "to open a door through which the Sovereign perceived a handsome girl, aproned, and sponge in hand, bustling from chair to chair, and going from window to window scrubbing the window-panes"—a vision of industry which made such a powerful appeal to His Majesty that he begged an introduction on the spot to the lady of the sponge.

The most daring writer of fiction could scarcely devise a more romantic meeting



## FROM THE KITCHEN TO A CROWN

than this between the Autocrat of Russia and the red-armed, bustling cleaner of the window-panes; and he would certainly never have ventured to build on it the romance of which it was the prelude.

What it was in the young peasant woman that first attracted the Emperor it is difficult to say. Of beauty she had none, save perhaps such as lies in youth and rude health. Her pictures in the Romanoff Gallery at Petrograd show a singularly plain woman, with a large, round peasant face, the most conspicuous feature of which is a hideously turned-up nose. Large protruding black eyes and a plump figure complete a presentment of the typical household drudge.

But, whatever the attraction, we know that, after his first sight of the laundry-maid, Peter's visits to Menshikoff became more and more frequent, and culminated one day in the transporting of her to the Imperial Palace—soon followed by a secret marriage.

But if Catherine (as Martha had now become) lacked physical graces, she had a rare gift of diplomacy, as the following story, among many others, proves. When she took up her residence in her new home, Waliszewski tells us, "her eyes shortly fell on certain magnificent jewels. Forthwith, bursting into tears, she addressed her husband: 'Who put those ornaments here? If they come from you, how could you think I needed them to make me love you?'"

She had, moreover, an unflinching cheerfulness and goodness of heart which quickly endeared her to the moody and capricious Peter. In his frequent fits of nervous irritability which verged on madness, she alone had the power to soothe him and restore him to sanity. Her very voice had a magic to arrest him in his worst rages; and when the fit of madness (for such it undoubtedly was) was passing away she would "take his head and caress it tenderly, passing her fingers through his hair. Soon he grew drowsy and slept, leaning against her breast. For two or three hours she would sit motionless, waiting for the cure slumber always brought him, until at last he awoke cheerful and refreshed."

Thus each day the Livonian peasant woman took deeper root in the heart of the Emperor, until she became indispensable to him. Wherever he went she was his constant companion—in camp or on visits to foreign Courts, where she was received with the honours due to a queen. And not

only were her presence and her ministrations infinitely pleasant to him; her prudent counsel saved him from many a blunder and mad excess, and on at least one occasion saved his army from destruction.

The letters that passed between this oddly-assorted couple are eloquent of affection and devotion. To Peter, his kitchen-queen was "friend of my heart," "dearest heart," and "dear little mother." He complains pathetically, when away with his army, "I am dull without you—and there is nobody to take care of my shirts." When Catherine once left him on a round of visits, he grew so impatient at her absence that he sent a yacht to bring her back, and with it a note: "When I go into my rooms and find them deserted, I feel as if I must rush away at once. It is all so empty without thee."

And each letter is accompanied by a present—now a watch, now some costly lace, and again a lock of his hair or a simple bunch of dried flowers; while she returns some such homely gift as a little fruit or a fur-lined waistcoat. On both sides, too, a vein of jocularly runs through the letters, as when Catherine addresses him as "Your Excellency, the very illustrious and eminent Prince General and Knight of the crowned Compass and Axe"; and when Peter, after the Peace of Nystadt, writes: "According to the Treaty, I am obliged to return all Livonian prisoners to the King of Sweden. What is to become of thee, I don't know." To which she answers, with true wifely (if affected) humility: "I am your servant; do with me as you will; yet I venture to think you won't send me back."

Nothing, indeed, could exceed the devotion of the "Autocrat of all the Russias," to his Empress of the laundry. To others he might be the despot, in many of his moods unapproachable, to her he was always the devout, tender and chivalrous lover. Her future and that of the children she bore him were always an object of solicitude to him; and as early as 1708, when he was leaving Moscow to join his army, we find him leaving behind him a note to the effect that "if, by God's will, anything should happen to me," certain moneys should be paid to "Catherine Vasilevska and her daughter."

By 1712, Peter had decided that it was time to proclaim Catherine to the world as his wife and Empress; and we see him: in his Admiral's uniform standing by her side at the altar, with a brilliant retinue of

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Court officials, and with two of her own little daughters as brides-maids. The wedding was preceded by an interview with the Dowager-Empress and his Princess sisters, in which Peter declared his intention to make Catherine formally and publicly his wife, and commanded them to pay her the respect due to her new rank.

Picture now the woman who, but a few years earlier, had scrubbed Pastor Glück's floors and dusted Menshikoff's window-panes, in all her new splendours as Empress of Russia. The portraits of her, in her unaccustomed glories, are far from flattering, and by no means consistent.

But in the eyes of one man—and he the greatest in all Russia—she was beautiful. His allegiance never wavered, nor, indeed, did that of his army which idolized her to a man. She might have no boudoir graces; but at least she was a typical soldier's wife, and cut a brave figure as she reviewed the troops or rode at their head in her uniform and Grenadier cap. She shared all the hardships and dangers of campaigns with a smile on her lips, sleeping on the hard ground, and standing in the trenches with the bullets whistling about her ears, and men dropping to right and left of her.

Nor was there ever a trace of vanity in her. She was as proud of her humble origin as if she had been cradled in a palace. To Princes and Ambassadors she would talk freely of the days when she was a household drudge; and loved to remind her husband of the time when his Empress used to wash shirts for his favourite. "Though, no doubt, you have other laundresses about you," she wrote to him once, "the old one never forgets you."

Nor did she forget her poor relations in Livonia. One brother, a postilion, she openly acknowledged, introduced to her husband, and obtained a liberal pension for him; and to her other brothers and sisters she sent frequent presents and sums of money. More she could not well do during her husband's lifetime; but, when she in turn came to the throne, she brought the whole family—postilion, shoemaker, farm labourer, and serf, their wives and families—to her capital, installed them in sumptuous apartments in her palaces, decked them in the finest Court feathers, and gave them large fortunes and titles of nobility.

And seldom has a woman, however high-born, played the rôle of Queen with more dignity, tact and graciousness. In her exalted position of Empress the ex-laundry-maid practised the same diplomatic arts by which she had won Peter's devotion. Politics she left severely alone; she turned a forbidding back on all attempts to involve her in State intrigues; but she was ever ready to protect those who appealed to her for help, and to use her influence with her husband to procure pardon or lighter punishment for those who had fallen under his displeasure.

When the Tsar's quarrel with his eldest son came to its tragic *dénouement* in Alexis's death, her own son became the heir-presumptive to the throne of Russia. And thus the chain that bound Peter to his Empress received its completing link. It only remained now to place the crown formally on the head of the mother of the new heir; and this supreme honour was now hers.

Wonderful tales are told of the splendours of Catherine's Coronation. No existing crown was good enough for the ex-maid-of-all-work; so one of special magnificence was made by the Court jewellers—a miracle of diamonds and pearls, crowned by a monster ruby—at a cost of a million and a half roubles. The Coronation gown, which cost 4,000 roubles, was made at Paris; and from Paris, too, came the gorgeous coach, with its blaze of gold and heraldry, in which the Tsarina made her triumphal progress through the streets of the capital from the Winter Palace. The culminating point of this remarkable ceremony came when, after Peter had placed the crown on his wife's head, she sank weeping at his feet and embraced his knees.

For a few more years the laundrymaid shared the splendours of one of the world's greatest thrones, and when, one day in 1725, Peter died, his hand clasped in hers, and whispering her name with his last breath, she was heart-broken. She shut herself up with her sorrow for weeks, weeping in her apartments and refusing to see anyone. And it was a happy day, two years later, that brought her release from the sceptre she had neither the heart nor the will to wield alone, and reunion with the man who was more to her than all the world's crowns.





"'I might have done something, too, once,' she said. 'I had great aspirations, but the home swallowed me up.'"—p. 946

Drawn by  
Frank Raymond

## Capitalizing the Home

By  
Emily Newell Blair

**S**OCIOLOGISTS tell us that the decay of the home is destroying the very foundations of society. They ask us naively to rescue it, for the welfare of the race. As a clue to our method of rescue, they hand us this fact: Society hitherto has evolved institutions to meet its desires. Obviously, then, we must find the answers to certain questions: What are the desires of society to-day? How may the home meet them? And how shall we sell this institution to the people? Satisfactory answers to these questions should show us how to make the home productive and profitable—how, in brief, to capitalize the home.

### In the Good Old Days

The home, says the dictionary, is "an abode, place of rest, security, residence of

a family or household." But in the good old days it was much more than that. A man's castle, it was the workshop of women. It was a factory and a socializing machine all in one—a social, mental and moral incubator wherein the child absorbed those ideas that nourished his psychical as well as his physical body. All the virtues that make a good citizen he there acquired—loyalty and self-restraint among others. In that mimic state he enjoyed the protection and tasted the discipline of government. But it was more than a factory, more than a cradle, school-room, mentor and socializer of the young. It was the fountain of domestic happiness called by Cowper "that only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall."

Reading such apostrophes as this, the scoffer is moved to ask why the lexico-

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grapher defines *homely* as "of or belonging to a household," "rude, coarse"; why *home-bred* means "uncultivated, artless, rude;" why "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." A suspicion intrudes that even in those good old days there may have been a reverse of the ideal; one is tempted to ask if this factory-incubator-fountain home was all that sociologists maintain.

### Is Home Life Diminishing?

But that the home was a "going concern" is undebatable. It had a monopoly of female labour, a monopoly of the industries, a monopoly of child-rearing—was the gigantic trust of the Middle Ages. Today who will deny that the home is a "diminishing concern"? Buying has replaced weaving, spinning, pottery, cutlery and hardware-making. Its glory as a textile institution has faded. It retains only one industrial feature—that of the food-plant. As an incubator it is deserted for the school, the hospital, the church. And its failure as a fountain of bliss may be inferred from the estimate based by statisticians on the present divorce-rate.

Adam-like, sociologists blame the woman for the depreciation of the home. One authority says that it is the self-assertion and self-interest of the women that has made family life unstable. "It would seem," he asserts, "that the labour of married women outside the home should be forbidden by the state except in certain instances." What he advocates is that home service should be compulsory, like the Prussian military service, with only this difference—whereas the soldier was impressed for a term of years, the woman's sentence would be for life. So a distinguished editor—at least his style is distinguished—writes: "womanly service and sacrifice" as if interpretative of "wifehood and motherhood." Since uxoricide and infanticide were practised in the period of compulsory wifehood and motherhood, perhaps there is a connexion.

### Women who Prefer Other Jobs

Instead of berating women for their wilfulness—so called—why not see if there may not be some good reason for their exodus from the home? It has been said that as soon as man discovered it was cheaper to pay tribute than to go to war, he gave up fighting that he might take up

agriculture. So when it was found more profitable to conduct industries elsewhere, they were taken from the home. Many women, of course, were compelled to follow the industries in order to add to the family income. But no accusation of self-assertiveness is brought against these women who were forced to other jobs than home-making. It is the women who prefer other jobs to home-making who are the criminals at the bar. To find the cause of the unpopularity of the home, one must know what caused these women to leave it. Why is it that women who so short a time ago were content to rule over an establishment, variously called a home, now run away from it?

Perhaps some experiences will tell the story.

### Lack of Servants

Mrs. D— has a mansion into which she has gathered the acquisitions of twenty years. It is the latest thing in decoration—elephant-grey carpets, *objets d'art* concealed behind lacquered doors, pictureless William and Mary dining-room, Louis Quinze music-room, and Elizabethan library, with chintz bedrooms and Spanish boudoirs, labour-saving kitchens, laundries, pantries, and last and most important of all, servants' quarters. For a year, now, this elaborate plant has been closed while Mrs. D— remains in a small apartment in a big hotel. And why? Because no one can be found to occupy the servants' grey-hung bedrooms, use the tiled bath and eat in the servants' dining-room. And Mrs. D— cannot operate an establishment like that all by herself. Why should she? Pleasure would be submerged in drudgery. She plaintively says: "I make no pretence of liking drudgery. Why should I? My mother had servants galore; my grandmother had slaves." What she meant was, "I come of a stock of queens, not workers."

Mrs. W— has a large house, charming, very livable, but it runs to nurseries, bookcases, working-rooms, sleeping apartments and the equipment for child-rearing. Her house is full of children—her own and other people's, because, as she says, "to keep my own at home, I must keep theirs too." Her front bedroom with the alcove sitting-room is occupied by a nurse who also occupies the best seat at the table, whose meals are served on time, who has her drive and several hours off every day.

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## **CAPITALIZING THE HOME**

Mrs. W— says it is worth it in every way, even though it keeps her pretty busy to prepare the meals and take care of the nurse's room, and sometimes her patience is strained when she sees that lady walk off for her leisure when she herself has only finished the dishes. "You see, it is hard to get used to. We always had our nurse at home. But I've got to do it, for the children's sake. They must not be neglected, even though the kitchen is."

"But you had your cooks too," I suggested. "Why can you replace the one and not the other?" She shook her head, but I persisted. "Couldn't you get a domestic science-graduate from a college to run your kitchen, as Mrs. S— runs the nursery?" She shook her head with a sad smile. "Impossible! Henry would never stand for that—it's bad enough to take Mrs. S— into the family, but a cook! After next week we will take our meals at a boarding-house."

So we could take the experiences of many women pointing to the same cause for the passing of the old food-plant: No servants to keep it up and do the drudgery of home-making. The Mrs. D's and Mrs. W's fill the hotels and boarding-houses. They are the women who are said to have "lost economic standing."

But what of the servants themselves? Why have they left home service?

### **Household Labour**

#### **and its Small Reward**

The first answer is that household labour pays less than other work now offered women. It is easy to understand why this should be so. Since the supply of labour, in the days when women's only opportunity to work lay inside the home, was greater than the demand, the price was correspondingly low. Mistresses and masters who adjusted their evaluation of that service to the wage-scale of that day cannot readjust it quickly to the price which is the result of the demand for those labourers elsewhere. Every day men and women, no matter how great their need for service, refuse to pay over a fixed sum for household service "because it isn't worth it." A man, generous in all else to his family, "laid down the law" that "the maximum wage for our cook shall be a pound a week." Competition of that unpaid labourer, the housewife, also holds down

the evaluation of household service. She is always there to fill the gap. Servants, to an extent, compete with her low-priced labour.

### **Scorn for Home Work**

There is a second reason why servants have left the home. Entirely aside from the feudal relations of mistress to maid, a social stigma adheres to household labour that does not adhere to other labour offered women. This stigma is a left-over from a social system that necessarily taught men to scorn women's work. When all men were fighters, society suspected those men who preferred labour other than warfare, of being cowards. Since all labour was done in the home, society naturally scorned men who did any home work as "unworthy of a place among the warriors." Thoughtlessly, society came to scorn the work itself instead of the cowardice which was supposed to prompt the doing of it. As various kinds of household work were taken from the home, the stigma was removed. Even laundry work done in a laundry, and cooking done in a bakery, are now considered manly enough. But the scorn for home work and the ones who do it still persists.

### **Can Earn More Elsewhere**

And what of the millions of housewives, neither servants nor employers of servants? Why do they, the last group to leave the home, become increasingly restless under the status of home-maker? For the same reason that the servants left the home. Rita Young, for instance, takes a flyer in business because she finds home-making ungainful. Rita is a young married woman who likes to keep house. She has a picturesque cottage which she keeps immaculately. Her home is her dissipation, her hobby, her amusement. Her time is given to reading of women's magazines, trying new desserts, making new curtains, painting over furniture and improving her techniques. I was surprised, therefore, when she told me that she was going to take an office position. The reason was not difficult to ascertain. She wanted to take a holiday. She needed a new coat. She had not been able to save money for either from her household allowance.

"But," I said, "How are you going to manage your housework?" She explained that she would have someone in to do the



"Why is it that women who were content to rule a home a short time ago now run away from it?"

hard work, would take her "heavy meal" at noon, as her husband would, and get up a "snack" in the evening. "But, Rita," I expostulated, "when you have paid for your lunches and the woman, will there be much left for the holiday?" She laughed. "But I won't pay for the woman. Paul will have to do that. What I make in this way is my own. What I save is not—in fact, there is no margin for my saving." She shrugged her shoulders. "There is nothing like an object lesson, you know. Paying that woman will make Paul understand that my time and my labour have a monetary value—at least I hope it will." The number of women like Rita is large; they are leaving the home because they can earn more elsewhere—housekeeping pays only board and lodging.

### Household Service is Menial

Wives are as much victims to the idea that household service is menial as are the servants who want to be "as good as anybody." Mrs. C—— is one of the most successful housewives I know. She really is a queen of her household. Her children and her husband are her faithful slaves. Nor does her queenship rest upon servants altogether, for when there are none, husband and boys help with dishes and cookery. Busy she is from noon to night with sewing, marketing, planning, arranging, and above all dispensing those little charming aids to happiness, like birthday celebrations. The atmosphere of the home is just what Cowper had in mind when he spoke of domestic happiness.

### Bound by Home Ties

But not long ago Mrs. C—— attended a great civic meeting. Women were there acclaimed for their public service. Tears came into her eyes. "I might have done something, too, once," she said. "I had a talent. I had great aspirations, but the home swallowed me up."

"Oh, how can you, with your three splendid sons, feel that way about your life?" I asked. "Your work is far more worth while."

"You can say that, because your life is broader. Any servant could do what I can do."

Any servant could not do what she has done. Hers is a highly specialized profession. But she expressed the common opinion of household labour, of home-making: that there is something ignoble, something menial about it.

If then, the home is to be rescued, the profession of home-making must become a gainful occupation and be recognized as demanding high abilities. The very uproar that now goes on over the possible insolvency of the home might be considered as testimony to the value at which society holds it. But society has an old habit of inveighing against any change, whether good or bad. If the home is to be salvaged, it must be because it renders a service for which society will pay and not because society clings to it sentimentally.

## **CAPITALIZING THE HOME**

And yet society did not institute the home for services promised to it. No one foresaw that the home would exert a socializing influence on children. No one created it to meet a preconceived ideal. Men and women needed food to eat and clothes to wear, a roof to shut out rain and cold, safety from wild animals and human enemies. Because men were strong of arm and fleet of foot, they undertook the business of hunting the animals and fighting the enemies; because someone must stay with the children, women prepared the food and clothes under the roof they set up. Thus evolved the home with the division of labour whereby women exchanged cooking and skin-tanning, grain-growing and pottery-making for protection from capture or sudden death.

### **Safety from Destruction**

So woman did not conjure up self-sacrifice, obedience, loyalty, self-subordination, and on that foundation build a home, though many writers would have us think so. Woman worked inside the home because there she could secure protection; she cooked and sewed and farmed because thus she could pay for safety. She was not sacrificing herself, she was saving herself from destruction. On that very self-interest, so decried by modern teachers, was the home grounded.

But there were by-products of the home—great monuments they are to woman's creative ability. She made the home more than a place of abode. She invented the oven, the chimney, the chimney-corner, the kitchen, dining-room, separate bed-chambers, the family room. She set up, in partnership with her husband, a sort of home government. She created an atmosphere that worked upon men's emotions. And now because the domesticated man "loves no music so well as his kitchen clock and the airs the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth," she is told that "self-sacrifice, loyalty, self-subordination" must teach her to find music in a washing-machine and the airs the dishes sing as they clatter into the pan. Is it any wonder she rebels when her very successes bind her in chains?

### **May it be Possible to Win Her Back?**

In self-interest woman created the home. In self-interest she is leaving it. And, wicked creature that she is, she refuses to

come back because self-sacrifice is a virtue! But hold, may it not be possible to win her back by an appeal to that very self-interest that is taking her away? True, the city has taken over the protection for which woman sought the home. Here the policeman replaces the husband. And yet who has not seen with pity the loneliness of the homeless woman who contemplates spending the decline of life without companionship or a nook of refuge from the tempestuous world? There comes a time in every life when the world is a battleground, or a jungle wild; then one finds protection against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune only in that place fortified by the love and faith and understanding of those who share one's fortunes. Complex, cruel, modern civilization increases rather than diminishes the need for woman's protection. And what else but a home may offer it?

The shop and the school now supply the tools and materials for her work, whether of hardware or of the brain, which the home once provided. Yet who works successfully by tools alone? There must be a force other than muscular behind them. The worker must have incentive, encouragement, stimulation.

### **Wages—but no Home**

As Rita Young said, wages instead of marriage may supply maintenance and food. But we still need shelter. "Wherever I hang my hat," goes the song, "is home, sweet home to me." And wherever we shelter our heads from the sky, sunny or overcast, must be our actual home. When all other denotation passes from the name, we will call our roof-tree home. It thus appears that woman's need for shelter, for protection, and for those incentives that give zest to labour is best met, even to-day, by the home.

Many in turn have been the domiciles of this home; wigwam, dug-out, log-cabin, shanty, farmhouse, castle, château, tenement, flat. The form changes as the demands on it change. Since the modern woman demands products that are psychic rather than material in character, the home may take a still different form. The scale of the house may be lessened. An apartment may supply those needs better than a castle.

I am minded of a very modern home, a duplex apartment of seven rooms which

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meets every demand, æsthetic, mental, physical, that its family of four could make on it. There is exclusiveness furnished by its outside door, its private stair. There is beauty in the bare floors, the few pictures, the view of the garden from the dining-room. There is mental stimulation from the books and the conversation that adorns—how seldom it does that!—the evening meal. There is good food, simply prepared, served by the mistress of the house. It is an economic household. The mistress is also a wage-earner. She supports her mother and her two small nieces. Mother prepares the breakfast, which is individual. A charwoman prepares the vegetables and the meat. The mistress cooks the meal after working hours, and the little nieces serve it and wash the dishes. A charwoman cleans once a week, and scrupulous neatness is enforced on every member of the family. How many mothers with a household of four people slave patiently fourteen hours a day and are yet unable to produce the restfulness, the protection, the inspiration that this small home offers?

I have purposely discussed the home as if it contained no children. Most homes are not designed primarily as a nursery. The institution of the home, as we have known it, with its many rooms, its ideal of service, its complicated meals, its programme of cooking, sewing, decoration, is not even adapted to the rearing of children. And I emphasize this home because it has been the ideal of the upper middle-class; and since all groups of society seek to imitate it as far as they may, it is the most far-reaching in its effects. Child-rearing is a special business, and, as such, requires a particular type of home. My purpose has been to justify the home economically, whether there were children or not.

### **Motherhood not a Claim for Economic Dependence**

There is no question that a home that harbours a real family, by which I mean at least three children, is economically justified. Though it extends to them no more than it does the grown-ups, shelter, protection and the tools and materials for the work of life, it not only serves more people but it serves them during their formative period when the value of this service is intensified a hundredfold. That home also gives more to a woman because it enables

her to satisfy her deepest instinct, motherhood. It is wrong to think that motherhood rests upon sacrifice. It is the greatest expression of self-assertion and self-interest. At the same time motherhood should not be a permanent claim for economic dependence. The woman who thinks maternity has released her from the necessity of making her home productive is like the soldier who expects to live off his country's gratitude.

### **An Appeal to Self-Interest**

Yes, without doubt, the home still makes an appeal to the self-interest of women. If I could print the words of thousands of homeless women the testimony would be overwhelming. Women desire to have homes. They need homes. But this is not to say they will pay any price for them, and the price now asked is too high—namely, that for a home they yield all hope of acquiring property. Does it sound exaggerated? A woman may work day in and day out, and by her industry, her good management, her economy, help her husband acquire a fortune. She dies, and not one penny of the money made by their common efforts was she able to will to her own children. If she dies first her husband may leave the results of her labours to a second wife's children, or even to a second wife.

The other day a woman who had cooked for a man twenty years came home to her parents without a penny of money. She was famed for her economy, and the inexpensiveness of her clothes were commented upon. Her husband was a successful man with much property, not one penny of which he had inherited. During all the years of home-making she had never drawn any cash. She had received her "board and keep" and a few clothes, but when she decided to leave him there was nothing she could call her own but the clothes upon her back. So, though some of women's interests are served by the home, others are sacrificed, and she will not choose home-making as an occupation unless it offers, in addition to shelter and protection, a living wage.

### **The Wife v. the Housekeeper**

Now it so happens that men need a home for all the reasons women do, and another besides. A wage-earning wife is a luxury

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for a husband—a home-making one an asset. Compare the expense, side by side, of a wage-earning woman and her husband, their board and lodging, ready-made clothes, mending, cleaning, pressing, all paid for in cash, and of a home-making woman and her husband whose food and clothing are prepared and cared for by the wife. There is a cash balance, not to mention other balances of comfort and inspiration, in favour of the home-making woman's husband.

The question is: does the husband desire a home-making wife badly enough to pay her this difference in cash? For it has come to this. If a man wants a home-making wife he must meet the competition of other industries, or he must permit her to acquire a share in his property—must accord to home-making the status of a gainful occupation and a profession.

### The Husband's Part

Women may do a little towards bringing this about, but the main burden of rescuing the home rests on man. He is the present economic, industrial, financial and business autocrat. He is employer and banker. If the home is to be made an economic

institution, it is the man who must capitalize it.

I heard a man say recently: "Well, I don't mind what my wife does in politics if only she'll keep on cooking for me." And I wondered: "Do you want her to keep on cooking and keep on cooking for nothing?" That is the crux of the question.

If he is willing to pay for the cooking, he has the means of keeping his wife at it. The wage-earning husband might, as suggested, pay her the balance between what the house and family would cost if all labour were "hired" and what the house and family actually cost. The wife could spend or save these wages as she desired, though she might agree to apply a percentage of her wages to a savings account, the old-age-and-sickness insurance of all wage-earners.

### Sharing the Responsibility

Husbands might object that they have no



"The end for which man has ever laboured  
has been his home and his children"—p. 951

Drawn by  
Frank Raymond

## **THE QUIVER**

obligation to shoulder the entire support of the family. And absolute fairness between man and wife demands that she pay her own living expenses and that the upkeep of children be divided between her husband and herself. If she were paid the market value of woman's labour, she would probably be able to meet her share of the demand with a margin remaining. Of course, many wives would find the balance small; but then many men find it very small. The results would be independent of the amount. Domestically inclined women, like Rita Young, would not go into business for a small wage, and because man appreciates what he pays for, the husbands would value home-making as never before.

There are other ways for the husband to make the home remunerative to the wife. He may regard her as a tenant to whom he has rented property. He gets the rent on the property in comfort and food and shelter; she gets the crops. Or he may regard her as manager for the firm who is paid partly in salary and partly in an interest in the business. Or, best of all, he may regard the home as a partnership to which the wife brings her experience and ability, and the husband the capital, and from which each shares equally the profits. In some homes the husband will put in more money than the wife puts in ability and experience; in that case the profits could not in fairness be equally divided. Sometimes, too, the wife would put far more ability and experience into the home than the man would put money; then the larger share of the profits should go to her.

### **Where will the Money Come From ?**

And where, will be asked, are these profits to come from? Who is to buy the products of the home? Before we can know who will purchase the products of the home, we must see what those products are. First of all, shelter, food, clothes, or to be more particular, a place to live, to sleep, to eat, and entertain one's friends, three meals a day, and clothes that are mended, cleaned, baths, lights to read by, and bed-clothes to sleep under. Then there are the "imponderable products"—comfort, ease, appreciation; but these we have mentioned before. And last of all, there is the increase of earning power of the man, the actual wealth he has, because of the aid and encouragement and impetus given him by the home, managed to accumulate.

These are the three varieties of home products. In order to convert them into profits a customer must be found who will pay for his purchases. Obviously, consumers are the inmates of the home. If they do not pay the business fails for bad debts, which probably accounts for so many insolvent homes to-day.

### **Putting the Idea into Practice**

How may these consumers pay when they have already invested their incomes in the business? The question seems a "poser," but it is not. The actual material products of the home may be charged against the business at their cash value. The "imponderables" must be priced at a fixed value to be agreed upon by members of the firm, or they may be charged off as "being beyond money and beyond price." But that increased earning-power of the inmates, the actual wealth acquired, may be estimated in pounds and shillings. Not that the husband need turn over the cash! Not all debts are paid in cash. Many a salesman takes stock in a business for payment. So may the increased wealth of the husband stand on the books as surplus in which the wife has an equal ownership.

Let us be more explicit. A man does not turn all his yearly income over to his wife to spend on the home. Sometimes, indeed, he shaves off just as little as he can. The rest of his income—and capital—he invests in his own business. If his wife's counsel, if her self-denial of some pleasure of his company, if her encouragement, if her entertainment of his associates, has helped him, even if his spirit has been strengthened and his body kept fit for his work—should not some part of the return on this investment be turned into the treasury of the home business? If his salary has been raised, if his wealth has greatly increased, should not that go into the home treasury too? To understand how different this would be from the present custom, one must remember that the wife would have an equal share in the profits of the home treasury, and that her title to it should be absolute and not contingent on her husband's death.

### **Working the Home on Business Lines**

The value of the products and the amount of these profits would be dependent upon the kind of a home one proposes to set up. There will be different kinds of homes, as



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## CAPITALIZING THE HOME

there are different kinds of business undertakings. There is the mine into which one partner puts experience and one the money for development. Mining is a speculation, and those going into it take long chances for large returns. A wife who takes such chances should be entitled to a large portion of her husband's gains. Another home could be likened to a bank, a safe investment from which a limited return is sure and certain. Still another might resemble a factory from which the output would vary with conditions, external and internal, and so the profits would not be even from year to year. The kind of home a couple sets up would depend upon the temperament and abilities of the wife. But certain principles and practices are common to all homes: an investment of capital and labour and a fair division of the proceeds of production.

As manager of the home business, the wife would have the responsibility of making it pay. If her money allowance were a fair one, a shrewd buyer, a clever manipulator between outlay and income should make the home profitable on the material products, the shelter and clothes. It would be "up to her" to see that it furnished those "imponderables" already mentioned so many times, and that it was a very dynamo of incentive and encouragement for the husband. On one side of her ledger she would place the cash investment of the husband and her labour which might, or not, be charged at market prices. On the other, she would place the value of such products as food, clothes, and shelter at market prices, and also the cash or property acquired by the husband. It would be her business to see that the sums on the credit side outbalanced those of "allowance and labour."

### A Demand for More Capable Wives

This would take high ability. And many poor home-makers, were such a standard of success set up, would be forced into other industries. And yet the home would not be the loser if it lost the incapables, instead,

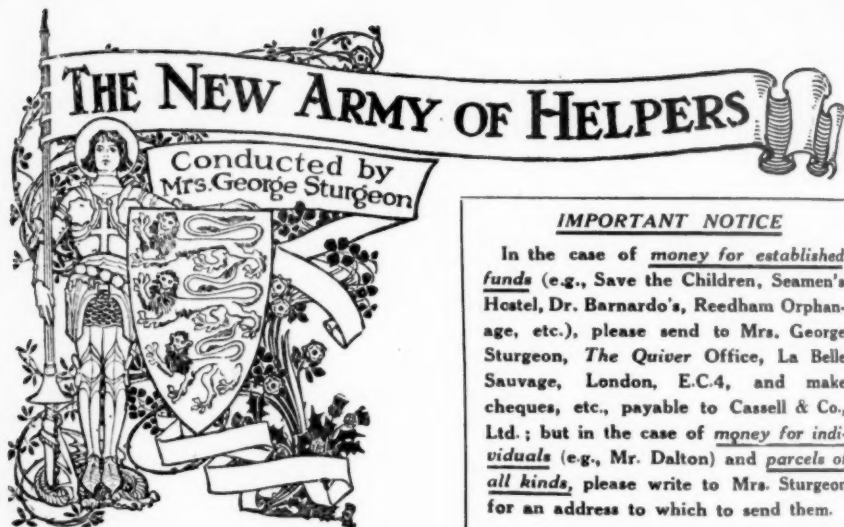
as now, those most fit for competition. Appreciating the ability required for success, the housewife would demand trained helpers, and pay well for their services. Thus servants would be brought back in the home at a new valuation.

Interpreted in terms of profit and loss, the home would receive, from the husband a new recognition. Just as the wage-earner appreciates the value of what he pays for, so the capitalists would appreciate the value of a management that could pay dividends. He would give honour where honour would be due, and then the successful home-maker would rank with other professionals in the esteem of the husband. What argument could not accomplish would grow naturally out of the monetary value placed on the products of home-making.

### A Man Measures his Success by his Home

Very fanciful it all sounds. And yet the end for which man has ever laboured has been his home and children. It is only because of his nearsightedness that he so often forgets his aim in his process. Every normal man longs to give his family the good things of life. If he denies them present gratification, it is because he thinks this denial will bring them greater gains later. Our fathers signified their success by building a great brick house. So to-day a man measures his success by his home. There is nothing new in the proposition that a husband should supply the capital for it. What is new is the recognition of the fact that he owes to the home his ability to increase his wealth, and should, accordingly, turn part of that wealth back to the home. There is nothing new in the application of the wife's labour to the operation of the home. What is new is the idea that this labour has a monetary value and should, equally with the husband's money, draw dividends. The day that men accept these new ideas women will find the home more profitable and home-making more honoured than any other occupation or career. Then the exodus from the home will cease.





#### IMPORTANT NOTICE

In the case of money for established funds (e.g., Save the Children, Seamen's Hostel, Dr. Barnardo's, Reedham Orphanage, etc.), please send to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver Office*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, and make cheques, etc., payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd.; but in the case of money for individuals (e.g., Mr. Dalton) and parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

#### August—The Holiday Month

**M**Y DEAR READERS,—The exhortations of the railway companies to "travel early" have not yet succeeded in making us think of June and July as the holiday months. It is August that suggests long lazy mornings on a sunny beach, a sparkling sea and all the joys of the country in midsummer, and I hope that many will fully realize their happy anticipations. One of my Helpers—a loyal adopter of one of the hungry children—wrote to me the other day:

"I wonder if, through your pages, it would be possible to give some real needy person or child a holiday in the country or seaside during this summer. You would perhaps be likely to hear of some such person to whom it would be a real treat and a benefit, and I suppose readers would be asked to contribute money to pay for this holiday."

The same idea had already struck me, as I dare say it has struck other Helpers, but the New Army is young, and there has not been time to organize a collection of this kind this year. I should very much like to raise a Holiday Fund by next August, and hope later on to go into the scheme. Meanwhile I should be very glad to have readers' opinions and suggestions on the subject.

*Apr*opos of children's holiday funds, I am told that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find the "motherly" type of country woman who used to be willing to house and

feed and look after a series of London children during the summer months; the high cost of everything and the shortage of accommodation no doubt account for this rather lamentable state of affairs.

If there are any who feel that they would enjoy their own holidays better this year for having helped some who cannot afford to go away, I can give them the names of several to whom a change would be very beneficial, and a contribution, however small, of great assistance.

First and foremost, I would like to put in another word for Mr. Dalton. His proposed visit to London this year is hardly a luxury, but a real necessity, as his artificial leg needs attention which it can only get up here. But the question of ways and means is a problem to him just now. Many suggestions for increasing his means that readers have kindly made have been impracticable because of his powerless right arm, which, unfortunately, makes only the lightest work possible. The scope is very limited. No one is more alive than Mr. Dalton himself to the kind interest that the Army of Helpers has shown in him, and his gratitude for any help is great indeed. Let us earn a little more of it and have the satisfaction of reflecting on the sunny beach that while, unfortunately, at the best the lot of this brave friend of ours must be a hard one, we have at any rate helped to lighten it. Holiday



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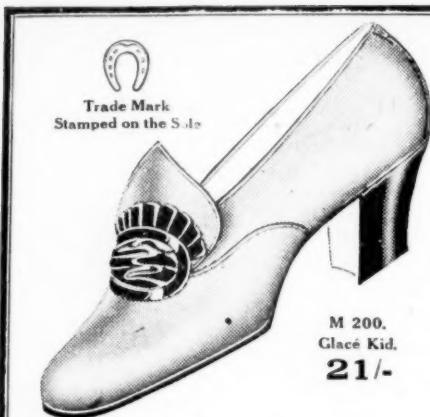
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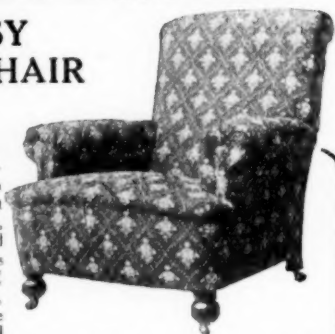
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## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

help for Mr. Dalton should be sent to him direct, and *not* to the office. I will send his address by return of post.

Then I know of two educated women, living lonely lives in Birmingham, who need a change badly, and I will gladly give particulars to any who may feel able to do something for them.

*It is a long year that has no holiday.*

### Generous Gifts

An anonymous gift of £20 gave a very pleasant flavour to my post the other morning. Fifteen pounds was earmarked for St. Dunstan's and £5 for Dr. Barnardo's—two enterprises very near my heart. I thank "L. H." exceedingly for this magnificent help. My appeal for St. Dunstan's called forth other most welcome and generous gifts—among them 10s. from "A Well Wisher" and 10s. for "The Sunshine Home" from "Two Business Girls."

### Penny-Halfpenny Postcards

By the time you read this I fear that the postcard for which I persistently plead every month will cost you more! Yet you will observe that I do not cease to ask you for it. Readers have lately responded nobly to this appeal and have thereby saved the office such an immense amount of trouble and postage that I am sure they will gladly continue the practice—even at the cost of a penny-halfpenny.

### August—The Birthday Month

It always seems to me that a great number of people, of whom I myself am one, celebrate their birthdays in August. This theory may not be founded on fact, but at any rate I hope I may be encouraged in it by receiving many names for the Topsy Turvy Birthday Book. Already two or three days of the month are filled, but there are thirty-one, and I am sure a reader of THE QUIVER could be found for every one of them. A birthday gift of 2s. 6d. for one of THE QUIVER Funds is asked for. A touching idea, which might well find acceptance, is expressed in the following letter from M. A. B. (Lincolnshire):

"I read with great interest your pages on the New Army of Helpers. What a nice idea to have a birthday book. What a number of folks could send you a small sum in memory of some dear one's birthday. If they were here we should be buying a small present. In loving

memory of A. C., May 4th, I send P.O. for 2s. 6d."

### The "Little Bit" and The Pink Book

A few months ago I wrote that of all the ills loneliness was probably the most widespread and the hardest to bear. (It is my opinion that it is the cause of more so-called "mad" marriages than is commonly supposed.) My correspondence, unfortunately, confirms the truth of what I wrote. "I do want someone to care for me a little bit," says one whose desire is to find a friend—"a true friendly woman who would help me often to solve my problems while I am suffering. I stand so much alone." And another: "I think the many who enjoy the precious relationships of life can hardly enter into the feelings of those who have none to care 'the little bit.'" They are the warmest-hearted who seem to be condemned to this soul-chilling isolation; and the reasons are always the same—loved relations outlived and friends gone away.

I have two address-books—one pink and one red. In the pink are the names of those who volunteer for the S.O.S. Corps—in the red those who send out the signal of distress. For each name in the red book there must be one in the pink book, or it means that a call cannot be answered. Each time that a name in the red book is linked up with one in the pink book, I can snap the books in the face of the demon Loneliness and see him edge a little farther away! It is the most satisfactory experience I know, and the moral is obvious: *Fill the pink book.*

### Friends Found

Here are just two extracts from many appreciative letters. The first is from the reader suffering from tuberculosis in hip and knee, whose appeal for books, inserted in the June number, met, I am glad to say, with a splendid response:

"Allow me to express my grateful thanks for inserting my letter in your special corner of THE QUIVER. I have had lots of magazines and some *Picturegoers* sent. I do think it's kind of people, don't you, to send books to people they have never seen. I have been very lonely lately as the train service is so bad through the strike. It means a matter of over two hours more at night, as the train my husband used to come home on was 5.3; now it's 6.20; then there's a walk of three miles. But I don't mind so much if I have some reading."

"Miss C.'s letters are very cheering, also her last year's QUIVERS—I did not see any before this year's—and such pretty pieces. I'm glad I wrote you."

## THE QUIVER

### No Number 100

yet, but I am still hoping. The 99 adopters and all the other QUIVER supporters of the Save the Children Fund are immensely appreciated at headquarters. Echoes of the lamentable coal strike were heard in letters I received from those who organize adoptions by a Mothers' Meeting and a class of little girls. In both cases the splendid spirit of determination not to be beaten by bad times is admirable:

"I am so sorry to be late with Class V.'s subscription; the reason is Alfreton is the centre of a mining district and the strike has seriously affected the children's finances. At the same time they still want the subscription to be entirely their own."

"The reason you have not received any money since March 14 is because we have not been able to have any meetings during the strike as the Notts Education Committee have taken our premises for feeding the miners' children. The 'Mothers' all said they should make it up after the strike was over. How we wish it were over. What a long affair it has been. It is grievous to see the hundreds of men standing about day after day. I am sending you 10s. now, and I'll try to send on all that is due as soon as I can manage it."

Here is a glimpse of the fascinatingly free life led by an adopter in Canada:

"When we read that November article of yours my husband and I were 'way back' in our hunting-cabin in the mountains; for five months we saw no outsiders but a friend who occasionally acted mail-carrier. Now we are back by the lake, and the orchard is gorgeous with apple blossom—a good crop to come, we hope."

### What's Wanted

*From the reader in Scotland who found many friends some months ago and who has recently changed her quarters.*—"There are two rooms here. I do so much want to use one as a bedroom, the other as living-room. The sitting-room is large and sunny. I look longingly at it, but of course cannot possibly furnish. Just a table, two chairs and a floor covering would be all that is necessary—and a lamp. My bedroom contains only bed, chair, and boxes. Do you think any of the kind readers who sent me books, flowers, etc., would perchance have a few oddments not in active service which they would send to Kippen station addressed to me? If so it would be such a boon, and I might perhaps let the room for the summer. (Oh! then a bed would be required, though!)"

Full address will gladly be sent. So many and so kind are my Scottish readers that I have hopes that this want may be supplied locally.

*From a reader's report of the fortunes of the shell-shocked ex-soldier who has been mentioned before.*—"The J.'s are in a bad way. He has been out of work for several weeks and will not

be able to go back till a month after the strike is over. They have not had a fire for a month. The baby is teething and has measles, and they hadn't a halfpenny in the house when Mrs. J. wrote. The baby has grown out of the clothes I sent, and she asked me if I could get any more. He's six months now."

This was written on June 1st. Mrs. J. is very industrious and clever with her needle, and clothes or help of any kind will be deeply appreciated.

*From a crippled reader.*—"Should anyone offer 'Bible School' for 1920-21, and no one else wish for it, I should be pleased. It's one of the things I've had to give up and miss so much."

*From a poor hard-working widow with several children.*—"I am writing to ask you if you know anybody that could get a few clothes for my girl. She is going into service as housemaid and she has got nothing fit for that. She is fifteen years old. She does not like factory work."

Postcards first in every case, please.

### The Monthly Mail

For letters, contributions and gifts of all kinds I send my hearty thanks to the following:

Miss Crouch, Miss S. Soden, Miss Lilian Bilham, Miss Cox, Miss Buxton, Miss Grice, Miss Lydia Brown, Miss L. B. Naylor, Mrs. Bambridge, Mrs. Laver, Miss K. Richardson, Miss B. Smith, Mrs. Guthrie, Miss E. C. Davenport, Mrs. Wesley, Miss H. Kay, Misses Bates and Male, Miss Hettie Grimstead, Miss M. G. Claydon, Mrs. Johnston, Miss Williams, Miss Neate, Miss Muir, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Miss Swannell, Miss L. M. Watson, Miss Ethel K. Parke, Miss Mary Hamilton, Miss Amy Hall, Mrs. Mackay, Miss A. O. Stott, Mrs. Stuart Angus, "Thistle," Mrs. Kate Stocker, Miss F. E. Daws, Mrs. Spain, Mrs. Sheleard, Miss S. Robinson, Mrs. Leech, Miss E. Roe, the Countess de Polegnac, Mrs. Reid, Miss Ina C. Hinds, Miss A. Ruby Taylor, Mr. George Dalton, Miss Eliza Rankin, Miss Shirley, Miss A. G. Lean, Mrs. Waddington, Mrs. Fairclough, Mr. Batty, Mrs. Orpwood, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss M. B. Statter, Miss G. M. Evans, Miss E. M. Wood, Mrs. Osgerley, Miss Alice Reid, Miss Edith I. M. Thomson, Miss E. M. Hunt, Mrs. White, Mrs. Hickford, Mrs. Lillian Thomson, Miss E. Blease, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Armitage, Miss A. Elphick, Miss Marriott, Miss I. Connell, Miss E. B. Mundy, Miss A. Perry, Miss I. S. Paterson, Mrs. F. E. C. Haines, Miss Hilda Griffith, Mrs. Rayne, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Bennett.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: MRS. GEORGE STURGEON, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.

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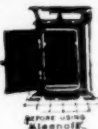
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# Suppose the Young Had Never Rebelled!

By Virginia Middleton

*Revolt, revolt, revolt—that is the path of progress as far as we have known it. Perhaps you have never thought of it in just this light*

**H**AVE you heard the cheerful news that is sweeping through advanced educational circles and percolating more slowly into less advanced ones? Good news for worried parents, that is?

## A Badge of Hope

The child who does not revolt against the environment laboriously and lovingly prepared for him by his parents is not quite the child he should be. Revolt, instead of being the sign of original sin, of bad home training, of defective mentality and taste, is a badge of hope, a mark of normality. And mothers, instead of retiring to the privacy of their rooms to weep when their Evelyns speak disdainfully of the parlour furniture, and their little Dicks call father and grandfather "muffs" for not smoking, should smile serenely, or even laugh gaily, and accept the situation as entirely what it should be.

Such is the good word from the newest child psychologists, the latest thing in pedagogues.

Your daughter Violet, perhaps, has just announced to you her engagement. That, in itself, was something of a shock. Not because you did not expect Violet to become engaged, but because you had a semi-humorous, semi-pathetic, altogether sweet recollection of the way in which your John, grey-haired and dozing now over his evening paper, approached your father on the subject of his engagement to you. He was a little jocose about it; John, in the early 'nineties, had revolted against the style of his father to a degree where it would have been impossible for him to appear before your parents after the manner of the 'sixties and "beg their permission to pay his addresses" to you. Still, he did make the fearsome journey into your father's study and, not altogether at his ease, mention his hope that your father would not be surprised to learn that you and he wanted to marry.

Your father was not surprised and the incident passed off comfortably, with cigars for the gentlemen and tears and laughter for the ladies, and plans for a small summer cottage abutting upon the parental summer property.

## Something of a Shock

But Violet, your carefully educated daughter, simply drops into your bedroom in the morning—she is booted and hatted and ready for her day as financial secretary for the big Settlement house in which she has, mysteriously, been pleased to work—and announces that she and Billy have decided to be married. "It's going to be soon; and please, mother, don't do any of that old-fashioned, tearful stuff. You expected me to get married, didn't you? Why, then, these tears?" And will you break it to her father if you happen to see him before she does? Give up her job so she can prepare her trousseau and linen chest? You are surprised to find what volcanic disorder of your nervous system Violet's hearty laugh can cause in you. Why, she's going to keep on working after she's married! And as for the linen chest, what antiquated nonsense you talk, dear mother! She says they expect to live in the Settlement, where the providing of linen is as impersonal an affair as the providing of linen for the Pullman sleepers. And she doesn't want a trousseau. Her taupe jersey cloth will do admirably for the visit she and Billy mean to pay the clergyman on the day when they find time to drop down to the church for the marriage ceremony.

## In the Good Old Days

You struggle, with all your might and main, not to collapse utterly. You have a misty recollection of all the June covers on all the woman's magazines you have seen—floating bridal veils, solemnly ecstatic white-satin brides, grooms transferred from

## THE QUIVER

the most stylish clothing advertisement. You remember your own wedding, with eight bridesmaids and an elaborately worked-out colour scheme, and "The Voice that Breathed," and you think that perhaps by tears and tact and the exercise of a little parental firmness you may yet induce Violet to take part in such a scene. Meantime, she has gone, forestalling argument. You hope that she and Billy won't drop over to a registrar this very day and come home man and wife. It seems to you that the hope of your life has gone to pieces. Didn't you look forward to Violet's wedding from the very moment when Violet's little red face and silky head first met your gaze? Didn't you dream of a year of long preparation for that event, a year of such communing between mother and daughter as never happened outside the pages of fiction? You told yourself that the only reason that it had failed in the case of *your* mother and you was because *your* mother had lacked a little understanding; but *you* were never going to lack in understanding! And here—

### The Return of Sacrifice

Is it, you passionately demand of fate, for such revolt as this **against** the beauty, the dignity, the very **decency** of life that parents beget and bear children, labour to give them advantages, agonize over them, hope in them? The very money that you and John have spent upon Violet is multiplied in your iridescent teardrops as you tell yourself that this is the return of all your sacrifice, this brutal revolt!

Well, Violet is only one in a long, long line of women who have revolted against the marriage customs of their tribe. If it hadn't been for them, her revolting predecessors, Billy would have been marrying Violet by the good old custom of capture, or by purchasing her from John for a yearling heifer. That orange-blossom-and-flummery procession of yours, mother of Violet, was as much the product of rebellion, even if it were not your personal one, as Violet's jersey-clothed three-minutes-with-the-parson is going to be the product of a rebellion.

Your revolting child, good sir, was your son Victor. You, proud of your business record, and your hard, practical doctrines on life and economics, cannot understand a boy who turns up his nose at an office stool.

He has been more or less of a trial to you ever since he outgrew the little-boy period of Sunday walks in the woods with

you. They had been delightful walks; you had taught him all your forest lore, and had rejoiced with an expanding heart at the freshness and sweetness of his response. And then, suddenly, he had changed overnight from a dear, companionable lad into a hobbledehoy in a state of continual opposition to all the family laws and customs. He brought home snakes and kept them in preserve jars. He developed a horrid familiarity with hop-toads, and the hall outside his room was no longer a place where timid females cared to pass. Then he took to smoking surreptitiously, though not so very surreptitiously, in his room—it is not a successful clandestine vice that burns a hole in a muslin curtain. And shortly after that, though quite logically his mother thought, he denied the authenticity of the Scriptural account of creation, vowed he would not follow in his grandfather's footsteps as a clergyman, not in yours as an economist. He would be a naturalist and nothing else.

Do you remember Arnold Bennett's play in which three generations of ship constructors revolted, each in turn, from the preceding generation's methods of ship construction? Do you remember how the wooden-boat builders fought, tooth and nail, against the crazy dream of the iron-boat generation, and how these, in turn, took no stock in steel? It was an instructive little play on the subject of revolt, as well as a charming study of character and social institutions. But if there hadn't been water transportation rebels long before those of that ship-building family, we should all still be voyaging about in triremes, or floating upon the great waters in osier-bound rafts, after the fashion of the first great revolter against the limitations of land journeying only.

### Revolt—the Path of Progress

Revolt, revolt, revolt—that is the path of progress as far as we have known it. Each generation's customs, each generation's beliefs, so fine, so carefully spun, so close-enfolding, are only the cocoon which the next generation must split in sunder in order to find air, light, opportunity, freedom. And the one great gift that parents of each generation can give their sons and daughters is not a more silkily lined, a more delicately spun chrysalis, but respect for the law which bids new life always break through the old form—respect for freedom, for change, for revolt.



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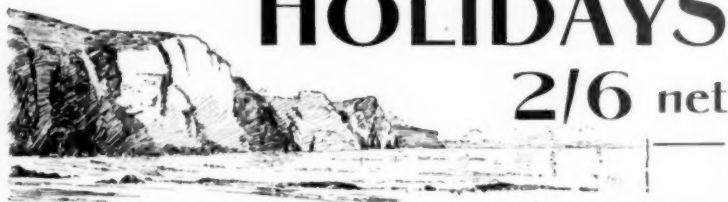
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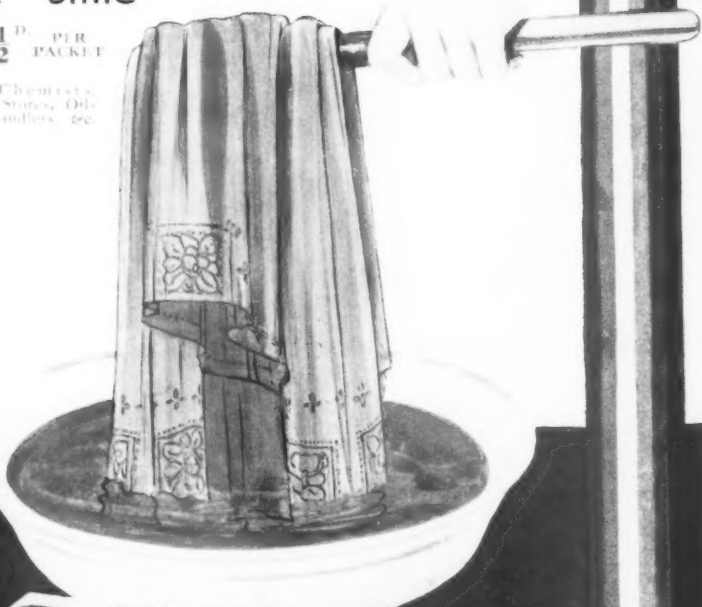
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